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The Shape of Things

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THE CORPORATE-SURPLUS TAX BILL HAS BEEN altered by the Senate Finance Committee beyond all recognition. Instead of a measure directed at the elimination of one of the gravest weaknesses of our economic system—the failure of the big corporations to distribute their earnings—it has presented us with a revenue measure with social trimmings. Certain features of it are excellent. We welcome the increase of the corporation tax to a maximum of 18 per cent, the 7 per cent surtax on undistributed corporate profits, and the increased surtax on individual incomes. But there is a basic weakness in the measure. At least nine-tenths of the stock in large corporations is held by individuals possessing incomes of over $10,000 annually. Under the Senate bill all dividends paid to such individuals will be subject to a normal tax of 4 per cent and a surtax of at least 6 per cent. This will place a premium on the retention of corporate profits unless some stronger dynamite than a straight 7 per cent tax can be found to blast it out. We welcome the President's determined stand for the retention of a graduated tax on surpluses in the face of a tory opposition. But as we suggested in a previous issue, there should also be a reexamination of the possibilities of a real enforcement of Section 102 of the present revenue law, with a heavy penalty tax for corporate surpluses above a reasonable level. Without these provisions the proposed measure will achieve nothing in reforming the corporate structure, whatever may be its efficacy in getting revenue.

*

THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE IN NEW YORK WHICH has just ended served to make the public more conscious of safety at sea than it had been before; it also served as a warning to the conservative officials of the International Seamen's Union that the same thing can happen on the East Coast that happened on the West. There the Maritime Federation organized by Harry Bridges provided a means by which rank-and-file locals could band together to fight their battles directly with the employers instead of having their strength sapped and their demands ignored by job-holding officials who get on much better with the shipping companies than with their own membership. The result of the settlement is that the New York strikers have at least won a hearing for their grievances before the executive board of the I. S. U. They have gained valuable experience in organized action, and have made a start toward the house-cleaning that has been long over-

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due in the maritime unions. The public is coming off much worse in the matter of safety at sea. The publicity given to specific charges made by the striking seamen when they visited Secretary Roper some weeks ago forced him to promise an investigation. It was to be conducted by a committee representing the Treasury, Commerce, and Justice departments—but not the Labor Department. Now, however, Mr. Roper has called off his proposed investigation. It would overlap, he says, another investigation planned by a committee appointed by Senator Copeland, which contains, among others, some of the worst of the officials of the seamen's union. Perhaps that is true. Perhaps any investigation supervised by Mr. Roper would be just as ineffective as any investigation supervised by Senator Copeland, whose attitude toward the shipping owners is well known.

*

THE EARL OF DUDLEY'S INVITATION TO THE American steel industry to affiliate with the International Steel Cartel dramatizes the dilemma which confronts capitalism in all highly industrialized countries. Faced by intensified competition at home and abroad, industry is impelled to reach across national boundaries to form agreements for price regulation and a division of markets. At the same time there is a powerful tendency for domestic producers to seek higher tariff rates, thus destroying the very fabric of international organization. Both forces are playing upon the steel industry at the present moment. The drive for adherence to the international cartel may prove irresistible. Yet W. A. Irvin, president of the United States Steel Corporation, recently complained in an address before the American Iron and Steel Institute that dumping of foreign steel was becoming increasingly prevalent and asked for a tariff that would protect American industry against "the pauper labor rates of foreign countries." From an economic standpoint there can be little doubt that international agreement is preferable to open tariff warfare, but either tendency may be anti-social in practice. Cartels are merely trusts projected into the international sphere. They are most likely to be efficient where domestic industry is highly centralized. But like domestic monopolies their fundamental purpose is to raise prices, restrict production, and thereby eliminate the consumers' last safeguard under what is still euphemistically known as the "competitive system."

*

SINCE THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN SEEM TO BE increasingly under attack these days, we are especially sympathetic toward the proposed equal-rights amendment to the Constitution, which has just been favorably reported upon by the subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee. If democracy were more a matter of justice and less a matter of group pressures, the right of women to equal status with men would have been recognized long ago; for there is no ground either of justice or expediency on which legal discrimination against them can be logically defended. It is a striking commentary on the rapacity of our economic system that part of the opposition to the amendment is based on the argument that it endangers legal discriminations in favor of women. A group of women headed by that veteran exponent of women's rights, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, has announced that the amendment is "prejudicial to the economic interests of women" because it will deprive women workers of such safeguards against greedy and irresponsible employers as are provided by laws prescribing minimum wages, maximum hours of work, standards of safety—laws which, they contend, have also indirectly benefited men wage-earners. Leaving aside the fact that the researches of the Women's Bureau have found these safeguards to be of rather doubtful benefit to women workers, there seems to be no good reason why men workers should be left to secure indirectly and fortuitously such benefits as social legislation may guarantee. The proposed amendment, if it becomes law, will add fuel to the movement for legal safeguards that shall apply to men and women workers equally. And we can see no cause for lamentation in that.

*

THE OUTCRY FROM PUERTO RICO AGAINST the terms of the Tydings independence bill has apparently killed that measure for the present session of Congress. American residents of the island declare that the bill aroused a wave of hysteria, bitterness, and anti-Americanism such as had never previously been experienced. Conservative leaders of the coalition government have always opposed independence, and have resented the Tydings bill as an attempt to undermine their rule. The Liberal Party has had an independence plank in its platform for some time, but many of its leaders look upon the present bill as an attempt to discredit independence by coupling it with economic suicide. While favoring independence on any terms, the Nationalists have also refused to credit the good faith of the Tydings plan. If the purpose behind the proposal was to restore American prestige in Latin America preparatory to the pan-American peace conference, that objective has been defeated by the obvious injustice of the bill's economic provisions. Although the injury to our prestige is deep-seated, the damage is by no means irreparable. We welcome the creation of a Senate committee to study the issue, and trust that it will utilize the time between now and the next session of Congress to draft a program which recognizes American responsibility for the present economic status of the island and provides for a far more gradual assumption by Puerto Ricans of the economic responsibilities of independence.

*

GERMANY'S VICIOUS LUNGE AT THE ROMAN church in the mass trial at Coblenz of 276 monks affords new evidence of the ruthless disregard of justice which characterizes the totalitarian state. Based on evidence which, as the outside world has known for some time, the Nazis have been busy faking and fabricating, wholesale charges of sexual perversion are being brought against the accused. Two have already been sentenced to four and eight years' penal servitude, respectively, and in view of

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the fact that some witnesses for the prosecution are feeble-minded charity wards of the monasteries, there is not much hope for the others. That the particular stick of immorality should be chosen by the authorities to beat the Catholics with bears testimony to their determination not only to break the power of the Roman church but also to discredit it in the eyes of the people. As the court proceedings are secret and the only reports which reach the public are official, the attack will be partially successful. This is the more true because the Catholic church has no weapon at hand but the courage of its leaders. In the days of the first *Kulturkampf* it could fight back through the powerful Center Party, but since the dissolution of that party in 1933 and the suppression of the Catholic press the church is in no position to defeat Hitler as it did Bismarck.

*

HARVARD HAS CHOSEN AN IMPRESSIVE AND deserving list of scholars on whom to bestow academic knighthood at the Tercentenary, and they are to be congratulated on receiving the accolade of America's oldest and most honorable institution of learning. From all corners of the world the scholars will be coming to Cambridge—from all corners but one. No one has been invited from the Soviet Union. Because of its tradition of cultural independence Harvard has produced many men of progressive thought. It is regrettable that the university should now belie that tradition.

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THE EDITORS OF *THE NATION* WISH TO thank the public-utility companies for giving additional point and news value to the series of articles on the TVA by Stuart Chase, the second of which appears in this issue. The series was planned because we felt that the TVA was of continuing importance and ought to be reckoned with in the campaign as the most impressive achievement of the Roosevelt Administration. By what must have seemed almost a matter of collusion, nineteen public-utility companies banded together—in the very week in which the first Chase article appeared—to file suits attacking the TVA. It will be remembered that the Supreme Court's decision in the Ashwander case on February 17 reached only to the Wilson Dam, and held that the federal government had built it legally (using the defense power and the power to aid navigation) and could therefore dispose of the electric energy generated by it, even to the extent of purchasing transmission lines in order to bring the electric power to market. But the decision was deliberately a restricted one. What is now sought is a determination of the constitutionality of the entire TVA. It will undoubtedly be attacked on the ground that the government is aiming not at limited objectives but at the social welfare of the Tennessee Valley. Absurdly enough, the government will have to deny that it has at heart anything as outlawed and cowering as social welfare. And even more absurdly, it is not beyond possibility that the court may hold in its next term that the TVA is unconstitutional, that the federal government must restrict itself to national defense and leave all matters of social welfare—to whom?

The Mask Is Torn Away

ONE thing the Supreme Court majority may be credited with is a sense of climax. Any other tribunal might have been hard put to discover a fitting end for a term of court which has included the decisions in the AAA case, the rice millers' processing-tax case, the Jones SEC case, the St. Joseph's stockyards case, the Guffey coal case, the Vermont income-tax case, the Mayflower Farms case, the municipal-bankruptcy case, and the commodity-clause case. But the judges have triumphantly rounded out their term of court just ended by invalidating the New York minimum-wage law in the Tipaldo case. And as if to give us that thrill of recognition that may be the essence of great art, they have—with a nostalgia for the past cases—again made the decision a 5-to-4 affair. The court majority must be thanked at least for the consistency with which it has held to its reactionary stand.

The decision in the Tipaldo case had been awaited with a good deal of tension. Upon it depended not only minimum-wage laws for women in New York and other states, but any kind of genuine attempt to enforce adequate labor and social legislation by the states. We commented on the case in an earlier issue, when it was declared unconstitutional in a narrow and mechanical 4-to-3 decision by the New York Court of Appeals, basing itself upon a previous Supreme Court decision in the Adkins case, which involved a federal law for the District of Columbia. It was sheer pressing social necessity which had led the New York legislature to frame the law, and in framing it they had sought deliberately to meet the objections raised by Justice Sutherland in the Adkins decision. They had provided, in an attempt to meet the taboo of the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, that the minimum wage rates were to be based not only on the cost of subsistence living but also on the fair value of the services.

In the majority decision Justice Butler, who developed his sense of humanity and justice as a railway lawyer in Minnesota, repeats in various laborious ways that there is no difference between this case and that involved in the Adkins decision. What New York was trying to do, he says in effect, was to take away from the women laundry workers without due process of law their "liberty of contract"—their right to work for less than a subsistence wage if they saw fit. Chief Justice Hughes, in a belated transfer to the group of dissenters, tries just as laboriously to show all the differences between this case and the Adkins case. But it is left for Justice Stone, in a second minority opinion, to brush aside the technicalities of both Butler and Hughes. In a memorable dissent that deserves to be quoted in full, he refers to "the grim irony in speaking of freedom of contract" in the case of women who have to "give their services for less than is needful to keep body and soul together."

But to no avail. While eloquence, sense, logic, humanity, and sheer economic sanity go with the dissenters, the decision goes with the majority. Three things have now become clear, if they were not clear before. First, the court

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majority is determined to stop at nothing in its savage destruction of every attempt to enact social legislation or control business. Second, the real issue is not between federal power and states' rights. A state act and not a federal act is involved here. The mask of judicial rhetoric has been torn again from the face of the Supreme Court majority. Third, the aim of the Supreme Court majority is not to defend states' rights, but to freeze the movement of economic change. Its bias is for the dominant economic class in a jungle laissez faire economy. It will go to any lengths to distort the plain and obvious meaning of constitutional phrases, or to ignore the economic facts that are patent to a schoolboy, if by doing so it can maintain undisturbed the halcyon serenity of profits-as-usual.

An amendment to the Constitution granting clear powers to Congress would not, on the face of it, deal directly with the power of the New York legislature to enact social legislation. Yet indirectly it would prove completely effective. If Congress were clearly given by the Constitution a power which the Supreme Court denied to New York, there would no longer be any incentive for the court to don its mask of states'-rights rhetoric. It could no longer protect the vested interests in this fashion. And we should no longer have to content ourselves with minimum-wage laws for women alone. Social legislation and labor legislation should meet the needs of the working class as a whole. For that purpose, we must repeat with wearisome iteration, a constitutional amendment is necessary.

Caliban in America

PAUL WARD'S article elsewhere in this issue on the forces behind the Black Legion gives rise to some extremely disturbing reflections. If it is true that this monstrous organization is not just a grim excrescence on American life but something that has been built into the structure of American business and politics, the Black Legion is worth serious analysis.

"Remember that our purpose is to tear down, lay waste, despoil, and kill our enemies." These are the words read by the "Chaplain" of the Black Legion to those about to be initiated into the order. Standing "under the black arch of Heaven's avenging symbol," encircled by grim, black-hooded figures, staring half-hypnotized at the guns pointed at them, the neophytes are inducted with the Black Oath, by which they swear "in the name of God and the Devil . . . to devote my life to the obedience of my superiors . . . and to exert every means in my power for the extermination of the anarchist, communist, Roman hierarchy, and their abettors." Each prospective member must swear he is a native-born, white, Protestant, Gentile, American citizen; he must state his attitude on lynch law; he must agree to arm himself immediately and to take arms, when called upon, against his "enemies." He must do all in his power to place only white Protestants in office; he must forget party and vote only according to the orders of his superior officer; he must accept the punishment of death for failure to keep his oath. When he has promised to do all this he is ready to sign in his own blood his willingness, if required, "to perform some service on a higher plane than ordinary routine night riding." What this "service" is, a body found lying in a ditch next day could testify.

Fire, flogging, and death are the methods favored by the legionnaires in their program of terrorism, although they have not neglected the subtler but none the less powerful weapon of propaganda. Police raids on their headquarters have uncovered leaflets for distribution replete with horror tales about Negroes attacking white children in the schools and advocating segregation of the races. But in general their preference is for the brutal rather than the subtle, for the direct attack rather than the indirect. There is reason to suspect that the burning of Father Coughlin's shrine at Royal Oak may have been their doing, and their fierce anti-radicalism has led the police to reinvestigate the shooting of one automobile-union organizer in 1933 and the murder of another in 1934.

Just how large the membership of the legion is may never be determined. The claim of six million members seems nearer to wish fulfilment than to fact. But the activities of the legion, although concentrated in Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, extend to a dozen or more other states, with repercussions as far east as Boston and New York. The Department of Justice, however, has so far declined to cooperate in the investigation because no evidence has yet been found of violation of a federal statute. To proceed against the individuals involved in the "execution" of Poole on a direct murder charge leaves untouched the structure of the organization as a whole. The federal kidnaping law cannot be invoked unless victims are transported across state lines. Prosecution on the ground of illegally carrying firearms is prohibitive in this case as it would involve apprehending each of the legion members in the actual possession of a gun. And though there is a law in Michigan against wearing masks in public, it makes this no more than a misdemeanor. There is, however, one statute under which a statewide indictment could be issued that might effectively shatter the legion as far as Michigan is concerned. It is the Michigan criminal-syndicalism law. There is the spice of poetic justice in the fact that the Black Legion may be demolished under the very law which their kind put on the statute books to confound their enemies.

What is the meaning of the Black Legion? To dismiss it as a local and passing matter would be fantastic; to call it American fascism would be too easy. Race hatred, religious bigotry, sadism, red-baiting, union-smashing, the vigilante technique—whenever these are found together in a pattern they point to a festering condition in the social organism. We cannot be so naive as to think that seven years of depression could have failed to take toll of us. We live in a world where the individual is at the mercy of the blind forces of the market-place. Formerly when he thought himself ruled solely by nature's forces and changes, he could fashion religions and mythologies to appeal to the natural forces, and science to control them. Today the individual sees himself as even more helpless in a man-made industrial world, in which nature has been conquered but depressions still come unpredictably, where jobs are suddenly lost and life-long savings are wiped out

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overnight, where the small man is stunted by all sorts of privations. And, still seeking some specific explanation for his defeat and some personal devils to wreak his wrath upon, he resorts to the mumbo-jumbo of secret societies and the releasing effects of violence and terrorism.

He is not necessarily a monster. Look at the newspapers or newsreels and see the faces of those indicted for the murder of Poole. They are the ordinary run of Americans. Under other conditions they might have been honest farmers, or young leaders of the rank-and-file workers. But under the impact of all the corroding forces of the depression, their energy has been turned to a deadly destructiveness. It is easy to put such men as these to the uses of the unscrupulous holders of economic power, who see in the trade-union movement and in minority groups a threat to their dominance. A desire to wreak cruelty and terror always goes hand in hand with a slavish obedience to authority. The very men whose animal lusts are turned against their fellows get a sense of security from taking an undying oath to perform all the commands of some leader. In their despair they follow the first leaders that appeal to them. In their ignorance they make bigotry and race hatred and anti-radicalism seem the solution for their own dilemmas. In their blindness they fall a prey to the purposes of the very men who exploit them economically.

This is the Black Legion—a reincarnated Caliban. It sprawls across the American scene, twisted, spiteful, stupid, and malevolent. And yet there is much in it to pity, and much to understand. We must fight all Black Legions wherever they appear, and disband them by law. But we shall not be rid of them until we have rid America of insecurity and despair.

1940 Is Just Around the Corner

THE Socialist convention has met and split. Norman Thomas and his left-wing supporters have set up a national ticket with a general Socialist platform and specific recommendations to meet immediate problems. If the vote this will muster is bound to be small, it will at least keep the Socialist light burning; and if it serves to fool the tories into believing that radicalism is waning in this country it will contribute to the benevolence of a growing season that promises to be much more favorable for a political labor movement than might be expected in a world blighted by fascist droughts.

While the left wing and a membership majority of the Socialist Party follow Thomas into splendid isolation on the left, the right wing, controlling Socialist institutions and a good share of the Socialist trade-union vote, will join official labor in supporting Roosevelt. Meanwhile, the Farmer-Labor conference in Chicago has abandoned the idea of the immediate formation of a third national political party.

The decision of the left not to draw away support from Roosevelt by pressing for a national Farmer-Labor ticket this year grows out of the preoccupation with the danger of fascism; the Socialist Party platform is deeply concerned with the same question. Meanwhile it becomes clearer week by week that the decision of John L. Lewis and the Non-Partisan League to throw labor's support to Roosevelt this year was made not from a generalized fear of reaction but with the hope of a very specific advantage. It aims to keep Republican weeds from choking the first sprouts of an industrial labor movement.

From the organizational point of view this is sound strategy. If labor were still nursing the illusion that collective bargaining could be legislated into effect, there would be reason for regarding its support of Roosevelt as disastrous. But it has been thoroughly demonstrated in Roosevelt's first term that his well-intentioned laws do not enforce themselves. At the same time Section 7-a whetted labor's appetite for organization. And even if the New Deal labor laws cannot be more than partly effective, it is infinitely better to have Lloyd Garrison and Warren J. Madden and other genuinely conscientious men repeatedly calling public attention to the existence of these laws and to their flagrant violation by the big employers than to have a Republican President's appointees burying collective bargaining under six feet of silence. In the matter of civil liberties, the Roosevelt Administration has paid much less attention than it should have to shocking local violations. But there is no denying that the national air of the New Deal is expansive rather than suppressive—which will be of immense help in a national campaign to organize labor. Especially if the present relative recovery persists, a second Roosevelt term pretty well insures a political climate in which John L. Lewis and his industrial-union associates can get on with organization in the mass-production industries. By 1940 labor may be able to nominate not a "protest" candidate but a serious contender for national power.

The time is short, however, and numerous obstacles must be overcome. The first enemy line is the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. The automobile workers have succeeded in throwing off its narrow control. The organization of steel is being delayed temporarily by the tactics of its officers. Despite a clear mandate from the membership for immediate action the officers have so far succeeded in keeping the lid closed tight. Rank-and-file pressure is increasing, however, and that old mine worker, J. Lewis, is doing his best to help the members dislodge their officials. The latest threat of the executive council—to suspend the charters of the unions in the Committee for Industrial Organization if the committee is not immediately dissolved—is the most ominous so far. It remains to be seen whether the diehards will actually break up the federation in order to hang on to their craft power. The council is said to be bearing down hard on its only member from the C. I. O., David Dubinsky of the I. L. G. W. U., and upon other progressives who value A. F. of L. affiliation. But there is at least a strong chance that the council's innate inertia will keep it from being as vindictive as it would like to be. It is to be hoped that the final showdown will come

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quickly, so that labor can consolidate its fighting strength against employers.

The function of the left progressive groups in these next crucial years is above all one of clarification and education. No radical party has had sufficient success in this country to assume that its approach or its method is infallible or that its knowledge of the most complicated and the most puzzling country in social history is either dependable or complete. Never before was there such need for that humility, that absolute honesty, which opens the eyes and sharpens the wits of the scientist. We must have general principles, tested always by pragmatic action. A socialized future is the only adequate political solution for a mass-production world. To chart the specific American path to that future is our primary task.

The Unfinished Business of Congress

ALTHOUGH agreement on the tax bill appears as remote as ever, Congressional leaders are still talking in terms of a June 6 adjournment. No one really expects the entire legislative slate to be wiped clean by that date, but it is obvious that the members of Congress intend to bolt for home as soon as they have a pretext for doing so. This is election year, and by a curious quirk in our electoral system the average Congressman's chances for reelection seem to be in inverse ratio to his attention to duty in Washington.

Some of the bills endangered by an early adjournment are presumably favored by the Administration and would have a good chance of passage if they could be called up for a vote. Perhaps the most important of these is the Wagner-Ellenbogen housing bill, which, though a feeble substitute for a real housing measure such as was promised by the Administration, has the indorsement of organized labor and of all the leading housing authorities. With a fifth of our urban housing classified as "unfit for use" by the Real Property Inventory of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, it is obvious that a year's delay on this measure would be little short of criminal. Yet the bill will be sidetracked unless public pressure forces a last-minute change of heart on the part of the Administration. The same may be said of the various anti-lynching bills now before Congress. Year after year bills are introduced for dealing with this crime in the only way that is possible —by federal action—only to be brushed aside in the rush of eleventh-hour business. The Bankhead farm-tenant bill, to which the President stands committed, is likewise in great danger of being overlooked in the scramble.

Administration spokesmen have indicated that the omnibus flood-control bill and the proposals for regulating the commodity exchanges will probably be passed before adjournment, although there is no certainty that this will be the case. The new Guffey bill, which contains the dubious price-fixing regulations of the former law without any of its admirable labor provisions, is also likely to go through. The ship-subsidy bills, on the other hand, appear to be doomed despite the President's anxiety to have this particular form of graft put on an "honest" basis. Although there is little likelihood that Congress would turn away the importunate shipowners if the proposals came to a vote, the inability of the shipping ring to agree on details of the handout has prevented action at this session.

A few weeks ago proponents of stricter regulation of the food, drug, and cosmetics industries were fighting desperately to get the food-and-drug bill enacted. Now that the Copeland bill has been reported out by the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, they are more than willing to forgo action at this time. For the committee's revisions of the pending bill have made it worse than existing legislation in several important respects. That the Frazier-Lundeen social-insurance bill has not come up for debate in either house is scarcely surprising. Despite the brief and on the whole very favorable hearings held by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, Administration tactics have been designed to prevent as far as possible the discussion of a proposal which would reveal the shortcomings of its own unfortunate Social Security Act. Much the same fate appears to have befallen the Ellenbogen bill for the regulation of wages and hours of textile workers and the bill to repeal the law forbidding the teaching of communism in the District of Columbia.

Merely to list the other bills which would be "must" legislation for a really socially minded Administration would take more space than we have at our disposal. There is, for example, the Neely-Pettengill bill, which would make it illegal for moving-picture producers to force their inferior films on the local theaters by means of "block booking"; the Van Nuys bill to prevent employers from influencing the votes of their employees; the Copeland bill, liberalizing existing legislation against the dissemination of birth-control information; the Wheeler-Crosser bill, requiring railroads to pay dismissal allowances to workers who are displaced by consolidations; and the Marcantonio bill for unemployment relief. There are also many bills which should be passed after revision. On such a list would appear the Kerr-Coolidge alien bill. This bill, which has the backing of the Department of Labor, is designed to alleviate the severity and injustice of the regulations which have operated to separate husbands and wives, and would deal more leniently with non-criminal aliens in general. It stands in need, however, of modification which would permit the Secretary of Labor to exercise discretion in cases of political deportees.

Perhaps it is too much to ask any Congress to enact such an amount of legislation in one session. In the past five months just two important measures have been passed: the soldiers' bonus and the substitute farm plan to replace the invalidated AAA. Yet only three years ago a Congress of much the same composition as the present one distinguished itself by the enactment of at least a dozen laws more far-reaching and more controversial than any measure debated by the present Congress. The failure of the present Congress may be attributed partly to the improvement in economic conditions, partly to the fact that this is an election year, but primarily to the lack of effective leadership from the President.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Who's Behind the Black Legion?

Washington, May 31

THE constant trumpeting of the New Deal's campaign slogan, Roosevelt or Reaction, with its nuances of fascism as the price of a Republican victory in November, has produced a fortuitous and unforeseen result. It has given the Black Legion obscenities at Detroit a place in the forefront of the national consciousness which they deserve but otherwise would not have enjoyed. Even here in the nation's capital the latest outbreak of kluxery has overshadowed all other questions in those anterooms and subcellars where politicians let down their hair and the truth is spoken.

I predict, however, that it will not long continue as a conversational dominant either here or elsewhere. From this distance it looks distinctly as if the Black Legion were about to be treated to a coat of whitewash, lavishly applied by the bourbons who rule Detroit and the rest of Michigan. It would not suit the purposes of the state's industrial barons to have the public shown the extent to which their agents were involved in the Black Legion's formation and the extent to which they have used it in their fight against unionization of their employees. It would not do to have it disclosed that the Michigan judges, prosecutors, militiamen, cops, mayors, and councilmen who are their bondservants also were platoon commanders of the Black Legion, that their own secret police were its color-bearers and file-closers, and that they used its bloody oath chiefly to bind to themselves in servility the hill-billy labor they have recruited from the South as their best surety against finding themselves faced with workers able and determined to demand their rights.

If I seem to impute unearthly alliances to the overlords of Michigan, remember that they were shown to have the same sort of alliances when the records of the Ku Klux Klan in that state were pried open ten years ago. Remember, too, that the biggest of them is General Motors, that General Motors is du Pont, and that the du Ponts were among the financial backers of the grass-roots convention run a few months ago by Gene Talmadge, the Georgia Hitler. Then note that already the dispatches coming out of Detroit are minimizing the earlier reports as to the size and importance of the Black Legion and are picturing the organization as smashed by the disclosures; they suggest that with the legionnaires in flight further investigation will be unnecessary and that all that remains to be done is to prosecute some sixteen men for the murder of a WPA worker. Note also that the loudest singer of that tune is McCrea, the Wayne County prosecutor, who confessedly was a member of the Black Legion along with his chief investigator and at least one other member of his staff.

Next I call your attention to the fact that the man who is most active in investigating the Black Legion *per se* is the state's attorney general, Crowley, a corporation lawyer serving under Governor Fitzgerald, who holds his post by the sufferance of the employers' association and who has appointed as chairman of the state's Social Security Board one Dr. Philip A. Callahan, who was the Klan's grand cyclops in Michigan. And what sort of investigation have Crowley's efforts given rise to at Detroit? One of Michigan's unique one-man grand-jury investigations in which a single judge hears and weighs the evidence, unaided by a jury. The act which makes this sort of proceeding possible was put over by the employers' association a number of years ago as an "economy" measure. It has served their purpose admirably, as, for example, in the case of the one-man grand-jury investigation of the Detroit bank failures in 1933. The chief purpose of that investigation was to let the responsible bankers blame their ills on Washington without undergoing cross-examination or the peril of rebuttal; to assure them a wide audience the "grand-jury" investigation in this instance was public instead of secret. More than thirty of those bankers have since been indicted by a federal grand jury, and three have been convicted. The one-man grand jury returned no indictments against the bankers.

And who is to be the one-man grand jury in the Black Legion case? The Wayne County circuit judges have got together and picked one of their colleagues, Judge James A. Chenot. A Republican, he was known as Ford's candidate when he ran for office. Before mounting the bench Chenot was county prosecutor. It was while he held that office that six men were slain in a march on the Ford plant. Chenot investigated. No indictments were returned. Chenot at that time worked hand in glove with Harry Bennett, chief of Ford's secret police. Their intimacy, according to reports, has not been impaired by his assumption of judicial robes. There is little likelihood that Judge Chenot will find an inquiry into the Black Legion's industrial ramifications relevant to his task. There is even less likelihood that the Justice Department, to which McCrea has appealed, will respond in bona fide fashion, for the Black Legion affair raises racial and religious issues and those are leprous to politicians in an election year.

The State of Civil Liberties

THE situation in Michigan and the attitude of the Department of Justice makes it doubly important that the La Follette resolution to investigate violations of civil liberties be passed by the Senate before Congress adjourns. Under the terms of that resolution the committee it would set up would have authority not only to investigate labor

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Senator Vandenberg

espionage but also to probe deeply into the Black Legion and all similar organizations. Unfortunately the prospects for its adoption do not seem very bright, although Senator La Follette retains his optimism. The resolution is snagged in the reactionary Audit and Control Committee, made up of Senator Byrnes, from darkest South Carolina; Senator Tydings of Maryland, who twice guided Bethlehem Steel Company union stooges when they appeared to testify against the Wagner bill; Senator Bachman of Tennessee and Senator Townsend from the domain of du Pont. If Senator La Follette's hopes are fulfilled, the committee will pass the bill on to the Senate tomorrow or Tuesday. To lessen the committee's resistance to the measure, the appropriation which the resolution carries has been cut down to $15,000 from $30,000. Its backers are counting on getting additional funds from the next Congress. To do that, they will have to uncork some dramatic evidence with the aid of the initial $15,000. Their ability to do so with such a meager fund is highly questionable.

How difficult the investigation would be even if amply financed is suggested in the NLRB's summation of its testimony relating to the labor-espionage phase of the investigation. "Even a simple investigation, mere exposure, damages none so much as the spy," it says. "There is some question, however, whether an unethical secret system can be adequately investigated by ethical means.... The personnel of spy and strike-breaking agencies is often the same as of political gangsterism." The difficulties of the proposed investigation are further enhanced by evidence that the labor-espionage agencies already are preparing to combat it by submerging. From unimpeachable sources comes the information that three weeks ago Steel Corporation spies in Pittsburgh were told: "This thing is getting too hot; we are going to fold up for ninety days. Here is your money and a bonus; we shall want you back in three months." From the same sources there also comes word that the files of certain detective agencies are being destroyed on orders from headquarters, that on May 18 the headquarters of the Railway Audit and Inspection Company and its Central Industrial Service in the Commonwealth Building, Pittsburgh, were closed, and that the chief operatives have disappeared from their hotels. This is not demobilization; it's reorganization—underground.

On to Cleveland!

THERE'LL be a black legion at Cleveland next week when the G. O. P. convention opens there, but it will be one quite different from that which has just come to light in the home state of Senator Vandenberg, who stands second only to Landon as a potential winner of the Republican nomination. This legion will be made up of the blackamoors who always appear from the South, ready to sell their votes as convention delegates to the highest bidder. They have no other significance than as purchasable blocks of votes, yet they are capable of making trouble, as Hoover and his majordomo, Walter Brown, found out in 1932. Hoover had spent a good part of his energies after his 1928 victory in trying to create a "respectable" Republican machine in the South, and to that end he tried to supplant the Negro leaders there with whites by taking away their patronage. He got rid of Ben Davis, G. O. P. committeeman from Georgia, in this fashion, and he also unseated "Tieless Joe" Talbot of South Carolina. But he miscued when he got around to Perry Howard and Mary Booze, of Mississippi. Talbot, a white, showed up at the 1932 convention with a white delegation and sought to regain his seat. Perry and Mary showed up with their usual Negro delegation. Talbot played white and lost. Perry raised the race issue, scared hell out of the party leaders, and got back his committee seat. Now "Tieless Joe" is all set to take a leaf from Perry's book, show up at Cleveland with a Negro delegation, and threaten to turn the Negroes of the nation against Lincoln's party if it denies him and his'n seats.

He will have Vandenberg on his side, for they let the Negroes vote in Detroit, where there are a lot of them. They also are beginning to let them vote in parts of the darker South, chiefly because the Democratic bosses there have discovered that a majority of them can be persuaded to vote Democratic. Some Southern journalists whose admitted prejudice makes their testimony on this point weighty assure me the trend is growing rapidly. As they explain it, economic interest is playing an increasingly larger and more conscious part in Southern politics, as the combination of misery and growing industrialization widens class divisions. They see the small farmer welcoming the supporting votes of Negroes against those of the large landowners, bankers, industrialists, and their retainers. They report the former as ardently pro-New Deal and the latter as pro-Liberty League. And they point to the fact that in Louisville, Memphis, Raleigh, and Decatur voting rights have been accorded in the last few years to Negroes in the primaries, which are the decisive contests in the South. They also point out that delegates to a county Democratic convention at Raleigh a few weeks ago elected a Negro delegate to the state convention.

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Harvard Heretics and Rebels

BY ROGER N. BALDWIN AND CORLISS LAMONT

[*This article was originally intended for the particular interest of Harvard graduates. The* Harvard Alumni Bulletin, *however, sole and official organ of the alumni, declined to print it on the ground that it might offend Harvard conservatives, who would then refuse to contribute to the Harvard Tercentenary Fund, now being solicited. The article finally appeared in the* Harvard Advocate, *an undergraduate monthly. As it appears below it has been completely revised by the authors, both of whom are Harvard graduates, and is believed by the editors of* The Nation *to be of interest not only to Harvard men but to dissenters in general.*]

IT WOULD be an affront to most Harvard men to suggest that the university's crimson banner has any relation to the red flag of international revolution. Yet red flags, whatever they symbolize, can easily be confused, as was dramatically illustrated when the Massachusetts anti-red-flag law of 1920 was found to be so written as to make the Harvard crimson illegal in public display. The law was changed. But the taint of heresy associated with Harvard from its earliest days still remains strong enough to identify a sizable minority of Harvard men with loyalties, or at least leanings, in the direction of two red flags.

Harvard grew out of religious dissent. It was rooted in the soil of heresy. Its first president was removed by the authorities for questioning infant baptism. Boston from its earliest days has been the home of dissenters, nourished by the Puritan tradition. It has been one of the few communities in the United States where a man may be a rebel or heretic without loss of caste. In it or around it all the great movements of reform and revolt long centered—in religion, in politics, in the colonial revolution, in the struggle against slavery, in the campaign for women's rights. For generations it held the intellectual leadership of America. If it does not now, yet the impress of independent and challenging thinking permanently remains upon it. And Harvard is Boston's offspring. The stamp of the New England Puritan aristocracy is all over it—its economic conservatism along with its tolerance of dissent.

Harvard dissenters today are of all types and attitudes. Commonest are those whose dissent is not so sharp as to take them out of their privileged class associations. They do not depart from the ethics and economics of capitalism. They are the champions of liberty and free speech under democratic capitalism, not as tools for a new working-class power to replace it, but as inherent processes of democracy. In this liberal school of Harvard men, outstanding was the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, '61, whose philosophy of law and of social change went the limit of experimentation. Not committed to any new economic order, he nevertheless conceded the right of those aiming at an entirely new system to propound their views, even if such freedom of opinion should involve the possibility of the temporary destruction of democracy by a dictatorship of the proletariat. Few liberals go so far. Walter Lippmann, '10, pre-war Socialist and now spokesman of a spurious liberal point of view, is in effect a defender of the present class divisions and set-up. The status quo with trimmings is all that he desires. Genuine in his liberalism but still essentially capitalistic is the militant pacifist crusader Oswald Garrison Villard, '93, for seventeen years editor of *The Nation.*

A number of Harvard alumni who have been associated with the present Democratic Administration can be put into a class by themselves as New Deal liberals. First and foremost, of course, is the President himself, Franklin D. Roosevelt, '04, who like President Theodore Roosevelt, '80, has expressed active hostility to the "malefactors of great wealth." The economic situation rather than personal predilection has forced Franklin D. to advance considerably beyond the policies of Theodore. But in spite of the present Chief Executive's many innovations and experiments, his reforms are aimed only at making the profit system work better. Close to President Roosevelt as advisers and members of the "brain trust" are or have been Professor Felix Frankfurter, LL.B., '06, of the Harvard Law School faculty, and A. A. Berle, Jr., '13, Chamberlain in New York City's Fusion administration.

While these New Deal liberals can be regarded as rebels against the status quo only in the relative sense that they are pushing forward toward change, their influence tends to support the interests of producers and consumers against property-owners. Washington is full of them, with a sprinkling of Harvard men all along the line from the top down. To mention only a few, we cite Lloyd K. Garrison, '19, dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School and first chairman of the National Labor Relations Board; Ernest H. Gruening, '07, chief of the Bureau of Insular Possessions in the Department of the Interior; Laurence H. Duggan, '27, chief of the Latin American section of the State Department; A. L. Wirin, '22, of the legal staff of the National Labor Relations Board; L. R. Brown, '26, of the staff of the Senate munitions investigation; Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., '27, solicitor of the Department of Labor; and Thomas Hopkinson Eliot, '28, grandson of Harvard's former president and chief counsel of the Social Security Commission. There are also Harvard New Dealers in state affairs, such as Charles Poletti, '24, the able counsel of Governor Lehman of New York; and Ernest Angell, '11, New York regional director of the Securities Exchange Commission.

These men are typical of scores of Harvard liberals long associated with political or social reform, among whom

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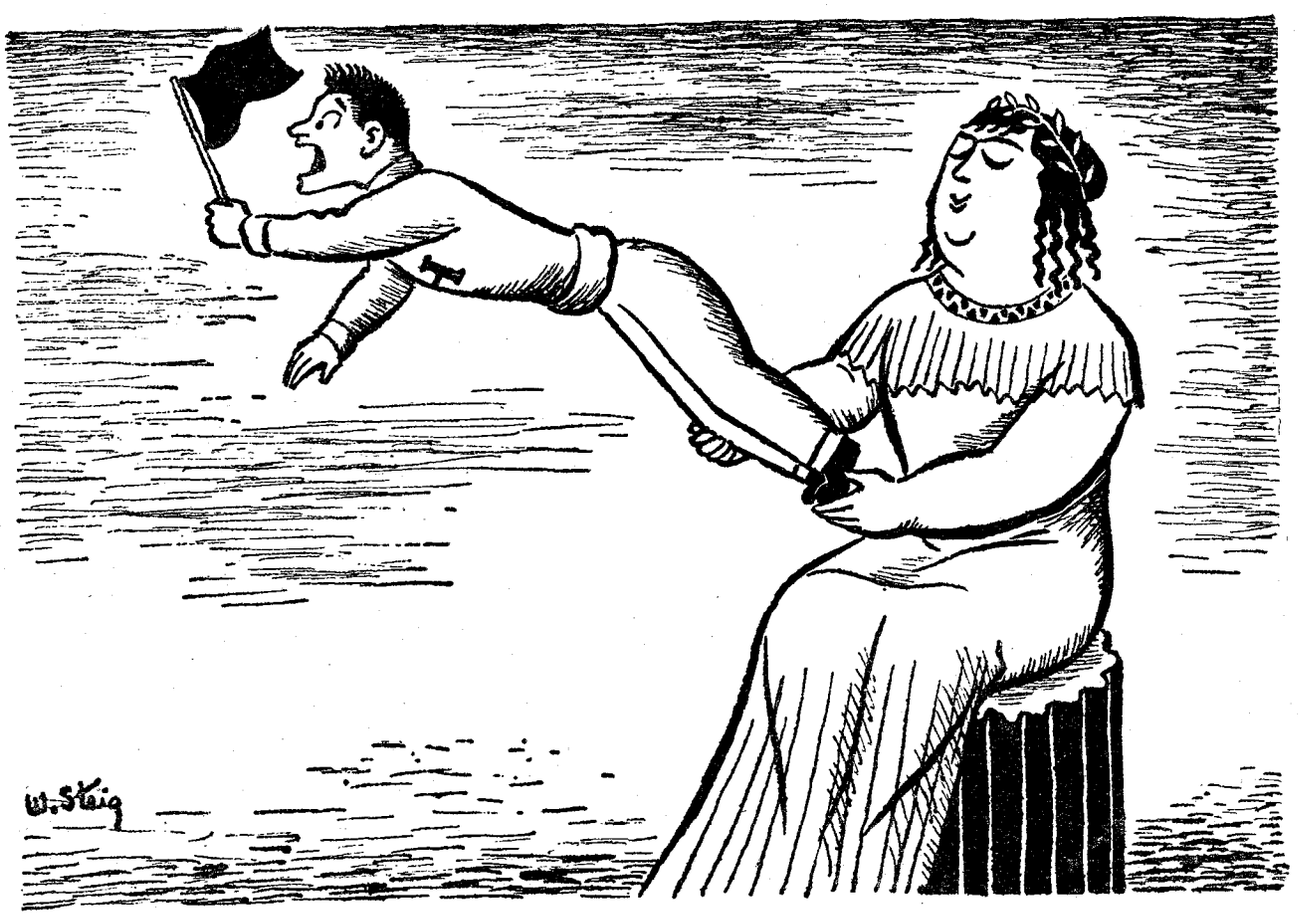
may be further noted: Fiske Warren, '84, single-taxer; Dr. Richard C. Cabot, '89, pioneering physician and teacher of social ethics; John S. Codman, '90, libertarian and single-taxer; Dr. Haven Emerson, '96, public-health crusader and champion of Indian rights; Robert Hallowell, '10, formerly of the *New Republic;* Robert Littell, '16, one-time dramatic critic of the old New York *World;* Samuel H. Ordway, Jr., '21, Civil Service Commissioner in New York City; George D. Pratt, '21, member of the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief and in earlier years a leading stimulator of student thought and protest; Maurice Wertheim, '06, banker, supporter of liberal enterprises, and present owner of *The Nation;* Graham R. Taylor, '03, social worker and interpreter of Soviet Russia; William P. Hapgood, '94, experimenter in workers' cooperative control of industry; Frederick Lewis Allen, '12, author of "Only Yesterday" and "The Lords of Creation"; Gilbert Seldes, '14, journalist, author, and playwright; Walter H. Pollak, '07, who successfully argued the Scottsboro case before the United States Supreme Court; and John F. Moors, '83, member of the Harvard Corporation, a banker by profession but distinguished rather as a liberal and political reformer.

Somewhat farther to the left and sometimes approaching a thoroughgoing economic radicalism in their attitudes or activities are Dr. Horace M. Kallen, '03, author and teacher at the New School for Social Research; Osmond K. Fraenkel, '08, active in legal work on behalf of civil liberties and associate counsel in the successful Scottsboro appeal to the Supreme Court; Newton Arvin, '21, professor of English at Smith College; Merle E. Curti, '20, professor of history at Smith; Quincy Howe, '21, chief editor of Simon and Schuster, member of the board of directors of the American Civil Liberties Union, and former editor of the *Living Age;* and Eliot D. Pratt, '27, on the board of the Civil Liberties Union and a trustee of the German University in Exile.

To mention such men is merely to pick types of Harvard graduates who have struck off from the more trodden paths, but not into territories very remote from established economics and politics. While they do not hesitate to expose the evils of the capitalist system, they on the whole support the existing social order and rarely champion measures aimed at its fundamental institutions and incentives as do the radicals.

Some few Harvard men have voluntarily unclassed themselves, earned their livelihood as manual workers, and accepted a working-class standard of living and way of life. Conspicuous for a time in the public press was Charles Garland, '19, a disciple of Tolstoy who handed over a fortune to the radical movement in the form of the American Fund for Public Service, living himself on a worker's standard. This fund eventually distributed more than $2,000,000 among a large variety of enterprises. Garland for a time lived on the land as a farmer, and is now doing left-wing organization work among farmers. In the days of the I. W. W. a considerable number of Harvard men were attracted to its revolutionary program, joined it, and became speakers and writers for it. John Reed, '10, in his first class life reported membership in two clubs—



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"Harvard and I. W. W." Hutchins Hapgood, '92, philosophical anarchist, lecturer, and writer, championed the I. W. W., though not himself a member.

The Socialist movement before the war enlisted many Harvard men. Prominent among them were the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, '02, better known as a religious radical and pacifist than as a Socialist; Stuart Chase, '10, economist and writer, whose earlier activities included organizing Socialist groups among intellectuals; William P. Montague, '96, professor of philosophy at Barnard, one-time Socialist leader among intellectuals; and Horace A. Eaton, '92, professor of English at Syracuse, pacifist and Socialist sympathizer. Since the Socialist Party was officially against the World War, most of its members were pacifists as well as economic radicals. But many outside the party took the pacifist stand. Harvard men among them were outstanding: Professor Robert Morss Lovett, '92, for example, of the University of Chicago, now president of the League for Industrial Democracy and a leading figure in united-front movements; and Professor Walter Nelles, '05, of the Yale Law School, counsel during the war to the National Civil Liberties Bureau. Among the few hundred men imprisoned for refusal of military service on conscientious grounds, two of the non-Socialists were Harvard men—Harold S. Gray, '18, and Brent D. Allinson, '17.

The Socialist movement, since the war, besides holding the loyalty of most of these older men, has attracted a number of the younger graduates as speakers, writers, or organizers. Well known among them are Powers Hapgood, '21, of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, who has been since his graduation a coal miner and labor organizer, at present for the United Mine Workers; John Herling, '27, aide and associate of Norman Thomas, long active in strike situations, and executive secretary of the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief; Albert Sprague Coolidge, '15, a Harvard faculty member, who is on the National Executive Committee of the party; and the Reverend Bradford Young, '23, speaker and candidate for office on the party ticket. One of the conspicuous recruits to socialism after the war was Heywood Broun, '10, columnist and journalist, president of the Newspaper Guild, now out of the Socialist Party but a leading figure in united-front movements of the left.

But the most extreme of Harvard radicals are those who were aroused by the Russian Revolution and the international Communist movement to championship of revolutionary measures. By far the best-known American intellectual so inspired was John Reed, '10, mentioned above, who threw himself into the proletarian cause at the very moment of the Bolshevik seizure of power, dramatized in his book "Ten Days That Shook the World." Reed lies buried near Lenin's tomb in the Red Square at Moscow. A portrait of him, painted by his classmate Robert Hallowell, now hangs in Adams House at Harvard.

Publicly identified with the Communist movement as party members or as sympathizers are or have been John Dos Passos, '16, author of "Manhattan Transfer" and "The 42nd Parallel"; Edwin Seaver, '22, novelist and an editor of the *Sunday Worker;* Granville Hicks, '23, teacher and critic, contributing editor of the *New Masses,* author of "The Great Tradition"—a Marxist interpretation of American literature—and of the recently published biography of John Reed; Malcolm Cowley, '20, long an editor of the *New Republic* and author of "Exile's Return"; Ivan Black, '24, executive secretary of the left-wing Writers' Union; Lement Harris, '26, executive secretary of the Farmers' National Committee for Action; Merle Colby, '24, contributor to the *New Masses* and a member of the national committee of the radical League of American Writers; H. W. L. Dana, '03, teacher, lecturer and specialist on left-wing drama; Alfred H. Hirsch, '29, of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners; and Paul Crosbie, '05, business man and American Legion member, recently a convert to communism.

Other Harvard radicals, with no party affiliation but well known for their opposition to capitalism or their sympathy for Soviet Russia, are Horace Davis, '21, teacher and economist; Charles Angoff, '23, fearless and able editor of the *American Spectator;* James Waterman Wise, '24, lecturer, writer, and an editor of the new labor tabloid, the *People's Press;* Lee Simonson, '09, stage designer and drama expert, long associated with the Theater Guild; Benjamin Stolberg, '18, co-author of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal"; Frederick V. Field, '27, secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations; W. Osgood Field, '26, chairman of the American Russian Institute; Lewis Gannett, '13, columnist on the New York *Herald Tribune;* Lincoln Kirstein, '30, former editor of the *Hound and Horn;* Joseph F. Barnes, '27, editor of the symposium "Empire in the East," and on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune;* Tredwell Smith, '15, teacher and leader of student tours to the U.S.S.R.; and Professor John H. Gray, '87, former president of the American Economic Association and present treasurer of the People's Lobby. Among these may also fairly be included the Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, the Right Reverend William Scarlett, '05, whose pro-labor and pro-Soviet utterances mark him as no supporter of capitalism.

Few defenders of the status quo would dispute our classification of the Harvard men we have mentioned. They would tend to lump them all together as subversive influences. We have, however, covered a wide range of thought and action, little unified by a common philosophy, and representative only of a tendency.

Precisely how far Harvard heretics and rebels were ready-made by their homes and early environment and how far Harvard contributed to their dissent only the most painstaking inquiry would show. But it is obvious from the very atmosphere of the university that its practices and traditions favor, in comparison with other educational institutions, the critical and dissenting mind. If Harvard has been careful in selecting teachers with not too unconventional views, it has also adhered to high standards of academic freedom. To our knowledge not a single teacher in modern times has been let out for his views; and pressure has often been heavy. President

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Lowell stood out against it during the war in the case of Professor Münsterberg and later in the attacks on the Law School faculty by reactionaries.

The Corporation and Overseers, representing the most conservative of influences on the university, have been on occasion minded to interfere, but both Eliot and Lowell stoutly resisted infringements on freedom of teaching or on the public activities of professors. It should be noted, however, that while President Lowell defended Professor Harold Laski against those who wished to see him ousted for his support of the Boston police strike, he made it clear to Laski that he could hope for no academic promotion. President Conant has already indicated his thorough agreement with the tradition of academic freedom and has applied it strikingly to incidents not ordinarily conceived as closely related to it. He rejected the offer of a scholarship from Hitler's associate, Ernst Hanfstängl, '09. He refused to prosecute two Communist girls arrested in the Yard on Commencement Day, 1934, for interrupting his own address with protests against the presence of Hanfstängl. And he strongly and publicly opposed the teachers' oath bill when it was before the Massachusetts legislature. These are acts of a courageous liberalism.

To analyze the extent of unorthodoxy among the members of the Harvard faculty would make an interesting and worth-while study. We shall not here take up that question, but two recent circumstances strike us as highly significant. First there has been the opposition to the teachers' oath bill led by such Harvard faculty members as Kirtley F. Mather, professor of geology, and Samuel Eliot Morison, '08, professor of history. Second there was the formation at Harvard last fall of the Cambridge Union of University Teachers, affiliated with the American Federation of Teachers, which in turn is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. This indicates that a considerable number of Harvard teachers see the need and advantage of both unionization and close association with the labor movement in the United States as a means toward their own protection and toward economic reform.

Boston and Harvard long ago learned that the rebels and heretics of today are the leaders accepted by tomorrow. Monuments to the men scorned or bitterly fought in their day testify to it. Theodore Parker, Henry D. Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Wendell Phillips—abolitionists, religious heretics, champions of women's rights—were all pioneers in a hostile land, though sons of New England and of Harvard.

Perhaps the fairest measure of a university's merit lies in its production of non-conformists. Yet most American universities turn out all but a tiny minority of graduates with wholly uncritical outlooks on the basic issues of politics, economics, and culture. That Harvard produces a larger, more conspicuous, and more constant minority of dissenters should be accepted as a notable contribution to the country and to the university itself.

Militarizing the Philippines

BY HAROLD E. FEY

A YEAR ago, when Congress was suffering from alternating attacks of spring fever and "must" legislation, a bill was slipped through under which Major General Douglas A. MacArthur was assigned to serve as military adviser to the Philippine Commonwealth. According to the adjutant general of the War Department, Brigadier General E. T. Conley, the bill became law on May 14. He seems to be the only person in Washington who remembers this event, which had the appearance of a kindly gesture intended to give a favored general a pleasant vacation. Possibly the amiable gentlemen on Capitol Hill were embarrassed by the fact that the General had been graduated from the army's highest post long before the age of retirement. At any rate, they generously permitted General MacArthur to go on his way, retaining his regular salary and emoluments in addition to whatever the Philippine government might decide to pay him.

Acting on the advice of General MacArthur, the Philippine Commonwealth, on December 15, 1935, passed its first major piece of legislation—a National Defense Act. This law, which presumably reflects General MacArthur's best thinking on national defense, founds that defense upon a system of universal compulsory military training. In addition to providing a basic professional army of 16,000 men it compels every male Filipino over ten years of age to undergo a course of military training and thenceforth to give some time during each year of his active life to military service. By this means it is planned to develop within the ten years that the Philippines are still under the American flag an army of 500,000 men. At the end of this period the Filipino nation of 13,000,000 people will have one of the largest armies in proportion to its size in the world.

It is hardly likely that Congress foresaw that the loan of General MacArthur would have this result. Already certain complications have become evident. The warlike Moros have refused to register for the military draft. They have taken to the hills of Mindanao and are rebuilding their old fortresses. To express their opinion of MacArthur's militarism, they murdered a Filipino propaganda officer who had been sent among them, slitting his mouth from ear to ear, and then sent word to Manila: "We need none of your military training. Give us rifles and we will show you how to fight." In Palawan 500 young men have refused to register for the draft because they believe this

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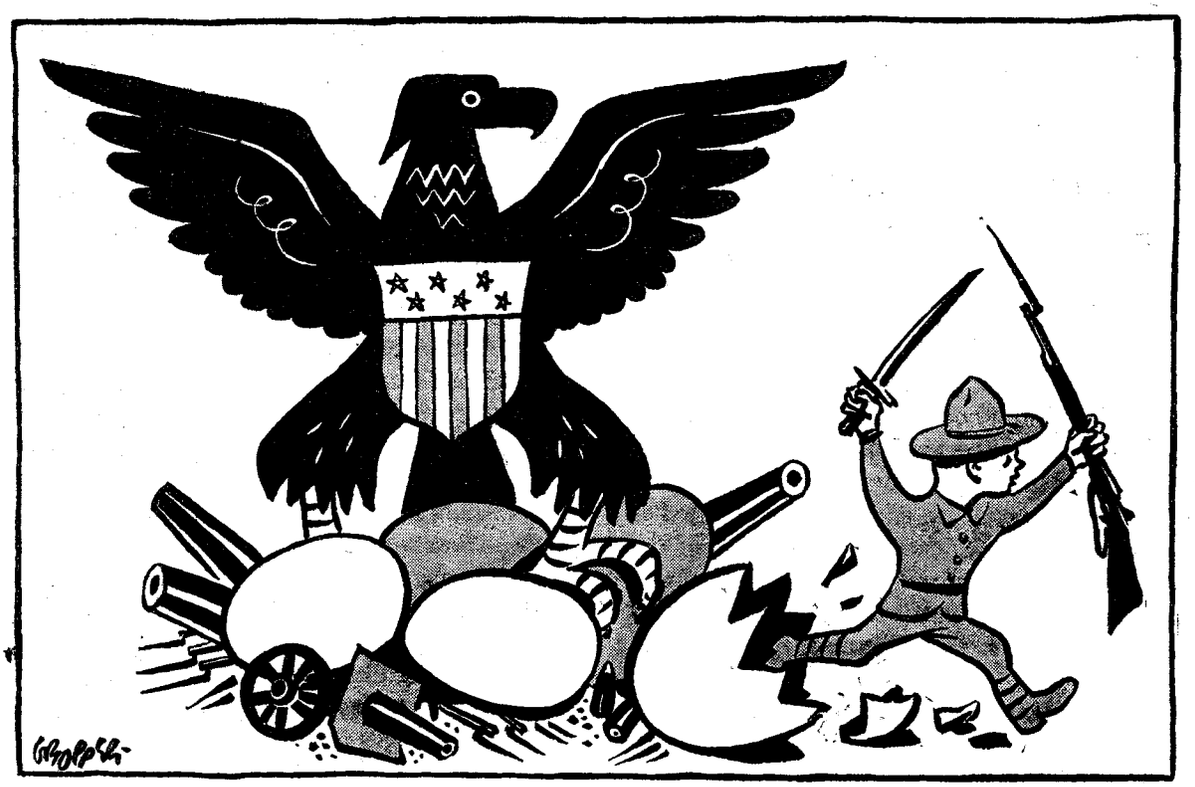
program of military training is preparation for a war between the United States and Japan. On March 31 there was a pitched battle in the province of Lanao in which ten Moros were killed by Philippine constabulary. The Moro princess Oliama Malawani charged that the clash resulted from persistent threats by army officers to jail Moros if they continued to resist universal registration.

More serious is the probable effect of the defense act upon our relations with Japan. That nation can hardly be indifferent to the fact that the American army's leading Japanophobe has quietly begun the organization of a force of half a million men which will not have to be transported thousands of miles in case of trouble in Asia. Neither can the American people afford to be indifferent to this unauthorized addition to the armed forces under the American flag. The new Philippine constitution specifically recognizes the right of the United States to call into its service all the military forces organized by the commonwealth government.

A minor reason for the prompt repeal of the measure is that MacArthur's appointment was directly contrary to the intent of the act of Congress under which the Philippines are in process of getting their freedom. The independence act provided for a civil representative of the United States with the Philippine government. General MacArthur is a military representative not subordinate in rank to the High Commissioner, and actually possessing, because of his friendly personal relations with President Manual Quezon, more power than any other representative of the United States. More important is the fact that the military program effected by General MacArthur will make impossible the attainment of Filipino freedom. The Philippine government cannot finance its present burdens. The additional cost of this huge army can only be carried by borrowing. It is hardly likely that the United States will permit the Philippine government to get funds for this purpose from any government other than our own. The result will be that at the end of ten years such economic dependence will have been created as to take all meaning out of political independence.

The policy which General MacArthur has recommended negates the work of thirty-five years, during which America has been attempting to teach democratic ideals and techniques to this Asiatic nation. We are not serving those ideals when we permit an official representative of the United States to saddle upon a young Asiatic democracy a conscript army of such proportions. Such action has increased significance in connection with the present social unrest in the islands, whose depressed *taos* must find justice either through peaceful parliamentary processes or through bloody revolution. The temptation to the Filipino ruling clique to maintain by force their present dominant position will be irresistible with an army of this size. Such action will not only be the end of democracy, but will endanger the relations of the United States with other countries whose nationals may suffer in the turmoil.

The American public has had a number of plain warnings in recent months that the military and naval machine we are pampering with unprecedented appropriations is prepared to do what is necessary to circumvent civilian control in the interest of what they believe to be a sufficiently aggressive foreign policy. Last year Admiral J. M. Reeves chose the day on which Japan abrogated the Washington Naval Treaty to announce naval maneuvers of a staggering magnitude in the Pacific. General MacArthur now makes his contribution to our foreign relations by this unauthorized move to militarize the Filipino people. It is high time for this nation to reassert in unmistakable terms that the responsibility for policy-making on matters of vital national concern belongs, under our Constitution, to the civilian arm of the government. The recall of General MacArthur would serve that purpose.



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TVA: The New Deal's Best Asset

BY STUART CHASE

II. Broadening the Exchange Base

THE preceding article on the TVA described the Valley, and argued that the primary function of regional planning, under the conditions which face America today, is to drive an exchange base under local communities, so that each area may have goods or services to exchange with the world beyond its borders, and thus share in the abundant output of modern technology. Failing such a base, it must lapse into the primitive self-sufficiency of the pre-machine age. The Tennessee Valley has little in the way of manufacturing and less in the way of services to offer the world beyond its hills. Its exchange base must be primarily natural resources—foodstuffs, raw materials, water-power. What is the TVA doing specifically to increase these resources?

The Constitution of the United States knows nothing of regional planning, for the conception would have been fantastic in 1787, when a specialized exchange economy was still in the womb of time. The Supreme Court knows nothing of regional planning except in the negative sense that a watershed comprising portions of seven states is suspect in the light of the commerce clause, and probably unlawful. Congress has never heard of regional planning officially, and would be seriously confused as to the patronage involved, if it had. The President first had a definite idea as to the functions and scope of the TVA. He saw the watershed as a geographic and hydrologic unit; he wanted to make the people in that watershed more comfortable, and he wanted to set up a series of yardsticks to measure power facilities, rural electrification, flood control, erosion control, progressive agriculture; yardsticks hopefully to be applied in other regions and to make people more comfortable there. Many members of Congress undoubtedly shared these desires with the President, especially Senator Norris.

But under the American system one cannot go straight to one's desire. One must adopt a crab-like course which defers to established taboos and symbols. To control the watershed of the Tennessee in the interests of the people living within that watershed is legally an outrageous procedure, as Professor Arnold of the Yale Law School ironically suggests, and not to be tolerated by right-thinking citizens. But both navigation and flood control have sidled past the taboos in times gone by, and are now admitted as right and necessary functions even by the lawyers of the American Liberty League. Federal production and sale of power, however, was on the fence—until the United States Supreme Court settled it in the affirmative by eight votes to one.

The TVA act was framed with these taboos in mind. It provides for:

1. A maximum development of the Tennessee River for navigation.
2. A maximum amount of flood control.
3. A maximum generation of electric power consistent with flood and navigation control.
4. The investigation of a proper use of marginal lands.
5. Studies on a proper method of reforestation.
6. Recommendations for "the economic and social well-being of the people living in said river basin."

This last provision was perhaps too frank. It may yet prove the undoing of the whole experiment. It comes perilously close to stating what the act was really designed for. It is bad form and bad law to consider the social well-being of two million people scattered over seven states. Such frankness was not really necessary. All that needed to be stipulated in the act was navigation, and nature would do the rest, even including the welfare clause. Why? Because you cannot tinker with nine-foot channels from Paducah to Knoxville without tinkering with the whole flow of water down the basin, which involves the hydrologic cycle, which dominates and controls the ecology of the region, and thus lets in the whole program—animal, vegetable, human, and divine, if you please. Of course, you can dig a nine-foot channel at fabulous expense without considering any of the related factors, but the first spring flood will damage it, and silt rushing down from the eroded fields will complete the ruin. Various "navigable" channels have been so constructed in the past, but they have fallen under the general title of the Congressional pork barrel. There is no pork to be had in the TVA, as any member of Congress will sadly tell you, but instead rather a strict interpretation of a permanent nine-foot channel.

You may or may not respect men and their taboos, but you must respect the laws of nature. You put a nine-foot channel up to nature, and ask that it be made permanent. What does she stipulate? She first makes it very clear that what goes up must come down. Water is drawn to the clouds from the Atlantic and the Gulf and precipitated in rain and snow over the Valley, especially on the Eastern mountains. This water feeds plants and is transpired by them, runs into lakes and underground reservoirs for slow seepage seaward, and runs off on the surface through rivulets, creeks, and rivers. Ultimately it finds the sea, and the cycle repeats itself—so long as this planet endures. *The water will come down.* The people of Hartford, the people of Pittsburgh, the people of Johnstown have no illusions on this score.

Dependable navigation calls for flood control; flood control calls for dams and reservoirs; reservoirs must not fill with silt or their function vanishes; Hales Bar Dam in the big river is 33 per cent silted in twenty-three years.

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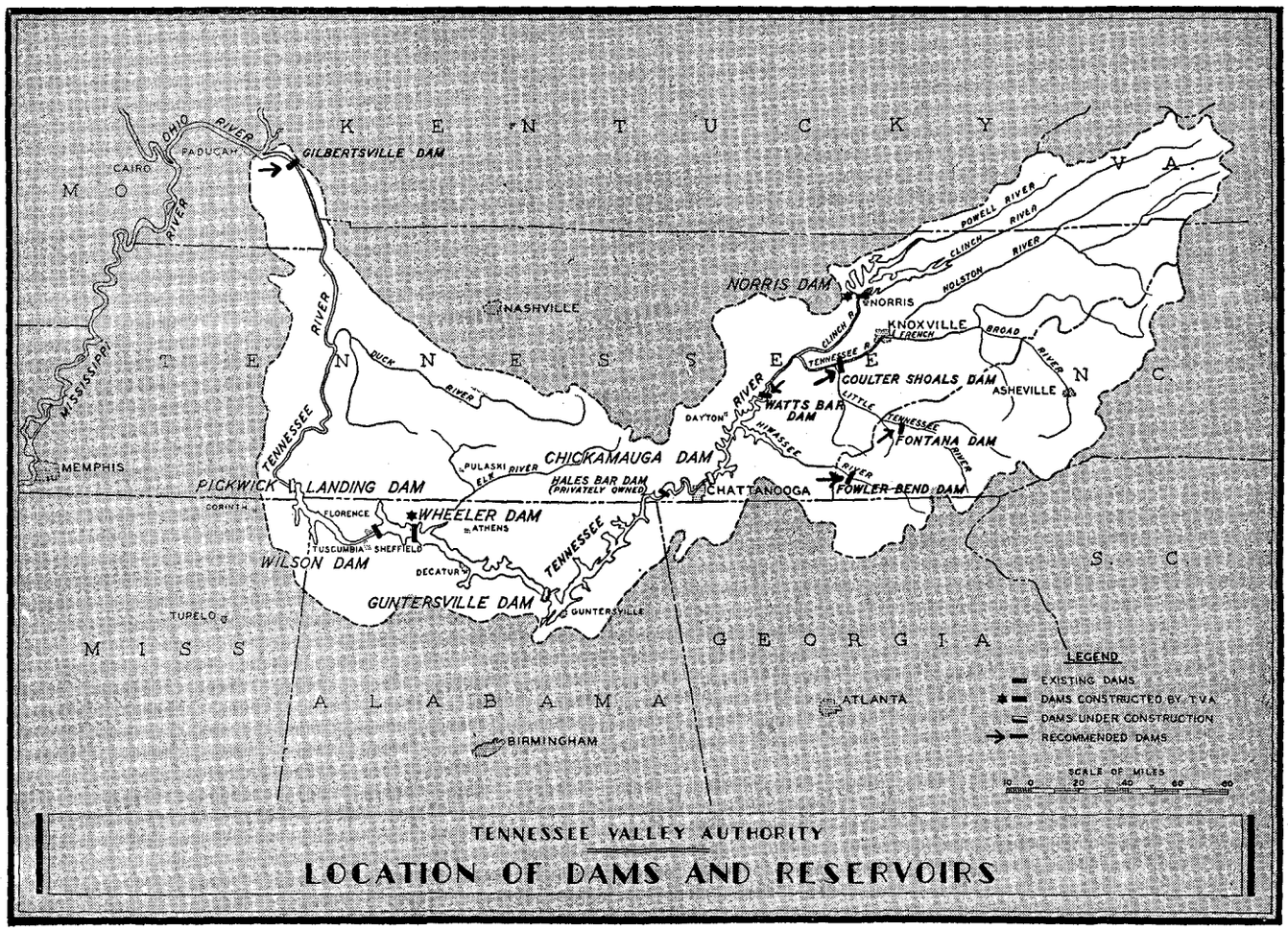
Silt can be prevented only by the control of erosion on agricultural lands and little waters. Erosion control calls for cover crops, both forest and grass, and scientific methods in tillage and crop rotation; cover crops call for cheap fertilizer, otherwise they will not take root on the exhausted soils; cheap fertilizer, especially phosphate, which is the major requirement in the Valley, can best be made with the help of electric furnaces and cheap power. So the cycle returns on itself, a house-that-Jack-built. If you really mean navigation, all these things will be added unto you. Similarly if the national taboos frowned on navigation and smiled on fertilizer, let us say, the cycle would be almost identical. Nor does it stop here. Large reservoirs demand the removal of many houses, which calls for an intelligent resettlement program. Large reservoirs demand an extensive replanning of railways, highways, schools, and recreation areas. The forest cover which is to check erosion calls for permanent management and many jobs for fire patrollers and forest workers. Large reservoirs often produce trillions of mosquitoes—probably in these latitudes mosquitoes which spread malaria; malaria calls for a medical-engineering control as rigorous as the methods of Colonel Gorgas when the Panama Canal was built. Malaria is less lethal than yellow fever, but it is at least as hard to eradicate. Water control ties in with fish and wild-life preservation, with purification of streams polluted by city sewers and industrial wastes.

Such are nature's demands. In writing them down, I have automatically listed the functions of the TVA. To the list may be added certain collateral functions which appear to fit the cycle logically enough: a labor program for the very extensive engineering operations involved, primarily dams and reservoirs; the conservation of the Valley's mineral resources, especially phosphate rock; the development of the hydroelectric power resources of the Valley as one integrated, low-cost system, and the discovery of ways and means, such as rural electrification, to put the power to useful employment. There are other functions which are somewhat more indirect, such as land classification, including aerial mapping, a program for the use of marginal lands, and the development of domestic industries to supplement agriculture and provide employment.

We start with navigation and end with a pretty comprehensive program of regional planning. We could start with flood control or with power and arrive at substantially the same program. As a matter of fact—and I trust the Supreme Court is safely asleep as I whisper it—navigation is probably the least important aspect of the cycle, from the point of view of the well-being of the people of the Valley. Army engineers anticipate a very substantial traffic by 1950—some eighteen million tons in fact—but it is safe to say that they have not anticipated all the technological developments which may occur in transport within the next fifteen years.

As one drives down the Valley, its appearance is probably not very much changed from ten years ago—with a



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few exceptions shortly to be noted. This experiment which so agitates the nation is rather hard to find, unless one knows where to look. Ten years ago there was a great dam at Muscle Shoals, now called the Wilson Dam. It was equipped with generators for producing power and with two nitrate plants. These assets the TVA, a corporation outside any government department, took over. The generators were put to work and power was sold to various private companies and to a few towns. One of the nitrate plants was converted into a laboratory for experiments on a cheap phosphate fertilizer. Headquarters were established in Knoxville, three hundred miles from the original assets, and work begun on a dam in the Clinch River, a tributary of the Tennessee, twenty-five miles from Knoxville. To house the dam workers and part of the headquarters' staff, the town of Norris was built. The Norris Dam is now completed, generators are being installed and power will flow early in the summer. As the reservoir fills behind the dam, it will back upstream at least forty miles, and then the TVA will begin to make a very tangible impression on the landscape.

As skilled workers finish at Norris, they go down to work on the Wheeler Dam, some twenty miles above the Wilson Dam. Wheeler is almost finished, and presently its reservoir will fill. A dam at Pickwick Landing is well under way. Dams have been surveyed at Guntersville and Chickamauga. When their reservoirs are full, the Valley will have taken on a very different appearance indeed. Nor is this all. Dams are recommended for construction at Gilbertsville, Watts Bar, and Coulter Shoals on the main river, and two more tributary storage dams, like Norris, at Fontana and Fowler Bend.

Nine dams in the main river, including Hales Bar, built and leased by a private power company, and three in tributary rivers. With these twelve dams in place, the nine-foot channel running 650 miles from Knoxville to Paducah is assured and protected; no conceivable flood can seriously damage the Valley, for the plans are based on a flow of water 50 per cent greater than the historic flood of 1867. The power load will be integrated from dam to dam, so that the resources of those where the water is low will be supplemented by those where the water is high. Any power engineer can tell you what this means in dependability and low cost. Great transmission lines will link generator to generator. To take a specific instance: Wilson Dam is a run-of-the-river plant. Its reservoir does not provide much storage, and in the summer and fall, when the river is normally low, its power output is at a minimum. Norris Dam, on the other hand, is designed primarily for storing flood waters, and has a huge capacity. While Wilson is well supplied by the high river in the spring, the Norris gates will be closed; flood waters will fill the great reservoir. As Wilson declines, Norris comes in. The gates are opened. Power is generated once at the Norris turbines, and as the released water goes down the river, generated again at Wilson. Norris and Wilson together can generate three or four times as much dependable power as either could produce alone.

With nine run-of-the-river dams, it is conceivable that every bucket of water released from Norris, or other tributary reservoirs, will be used ten times. Within a year from today every bucketful will be used three times, once at Norris, once at Wheeler, once at Wilson. This is the engineering ideal of balancing the load, and makes for cheap power. No private company can hope to rival such watershed control.

By the end of 1936 about $85,000,000 will have been spent on six dams—Wheeler, Norris, Pickwick Landing, Guntersville, Chickamauga, and Fowler Bend. By the end of 1940 all six will be completed—Congress permitting—at a total cost of about $185,000,000. By 1944 another $144,000,000 can be expended to advantage in constructing four more dams to make the system complete—Gilbertsville, Watts Bar, Coulter Shoals, and Fontana. The total outlay is thus estimated at about a third of a billion—say the cost of half a dozen battleships. The work has been planned, furthermore, to keep the skilled labor force steadily employed for the next eight years, thus preserving the human balance as well as the hydrologic. Labor costs under such a long-swing program will of course be at a minimum, as any personnel manager can tell you.

All the dams will have locks for navigation where necessary. All will be wired for power, as it were, but generators will not be installed until demand warrants it. Wilson, Wheeler, and Norris are about to produce 205,000 kilowatts of continuous power. If and when the whole group comes in, the total will be raised to 660,000 kilowatts of continuous, dependable, year-round power.

So much for dams, the bony skeleton of the TVA. Now for the flesh and blood. Looking around the Valley, if your eyes are sharp, you will find the face of nature on the farms being slowly changed. Twenty enterprising farmers in each county are allowing experiments in the control of erosion to be made on their farms. Steep slopes are going out of corn and cotton and back to grass or forest. Tilled slopes are being terraced or contour-plowed. CCC boys are helping to plug gullies with little dams and thickets of black locust. Dr. H. A. Morgan's phosphates are bringing up green new grasses, presently to be grazed by livestock. A scientific plan of crop rotation is being followed.

Neighbors come and lean over the fences—first to scoff, then to be interested, finally to consider seriously a similar plan on their own farms. Already the farmers of the whole Valley are interested. (The wise methods by which their interest has been aroused will be discussed in the next article.) Thus in encouraging methods of agriculture primarily designed to keep reservoirs from filling with silt, one-crop farming is giving way to diversified farming—a bitter need of the South; farm diet is being improved and balanced with milk and vegetables; a way is being prepared to replace King Cotton, who is toppling from his throne. Twenty experimental farms in a county are not many. But the leaven spreads.

This brings us to the subject of fertilizer, which for all I know may prove more important than power in the long run—especially in its reverberations throughout the na-

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tion. Dr. H. A. Morgan is the prophet of phosphates and his voice is that of Moses. One morning he seized me by the arm and pushed me into a car. We drove out to the University of Tennessee in the suburbs of Knoxville, and thence to a sloping field beyond, part of the great experimental farm of the university. It was raining softly and spring was in the air. Here in neat squares, perhaps twenty feet to a side, were twenty-seven green plots of winter wheat pushing through the red earth. Nine were control plots, fed with nitrate and potash but no phosphate. Nine had been fed with standard commercial phosphate; nine with the new low-cost phosphate developed in the electric furnaces at Muscle Shoals. The control plots were easy to recognize because they looked so thin and poor beside the bright green of the other eighteen. Could we distinguish standard phosphate plots from the new phosphate plots? We could not. Sometimes we guessed one, and sometimes the other.

This meant that the new phosphate nourished wheat as well as the old, although it could be produced by the government at a third or a quarter the cost. It is called calcium metaphosphate and runs some 63 per cent pure element. The old type of "superphosphate" runs only 16 per cent pure element. The great point was whether nature under actual field conditions would accept the new phosphate. In glass beakers in the laboratory the case appeared doubtful. But here was a conclusive answer in the springing wheat. Dr. Morgan was ablaze with excitement. He saw the land not only of the Valley but of the whole country drinking in this new material, coming back to health after generations of progressive leaching and starvation. Dr. Morgan can hardly speak of the soil of America without passion and tenderness. Its exploitation and waste have hurt him as if he watched a friend slowly bleeding. Today he saw his therapy beginning to staunch the wound. I looked over the curve of the hill where these plots lay to the Valley beyond, and up to the mountain on the horizon, and wondered if I were witness to one of the most important days in American history.

"Dams, yes," says Dr. H. A. (like all good American executives, the Big Shots are known by their initials), "dams are good. But if we could raise the underground water table of the Valley only six inches that would mean 26,000,000 acre-feet of water—four times as much as the Norris reservoir will hold. Nature would do the storing. One hundred pounds of sand holds 25 pounds of water; 100 pounds of clay holds 50 pounds; but 100 pounds of humus holds 200 pounds of water!"

Storage of this kind must be done by cover crops of forest and grass—especially grass; and cover crops require fertilizer—especially phosphates. Again the cycle swings round.

In the course of mining our soils, nitrogen and phosphorous have been heavily drained. Potash, the third major plant food, is still to be found in the so-called B horizon under the top soil. Its deficiency is less urgent than that of the other two. Nitrogen may always be had from the air—either by means of synthetic fertilizer made by the electric fixation process or by the more natural method of plowing into the soil crops like peas, beans, and vetches, which fix nitrogen by their own root bacteria. From the long-range view there is no shortage here. Phosphorus, however, one of the elements contained in our bones, presents an alarming problem. Generation after generation of men and animals have eaten the phosphorus out of the soil, and the bones lie segregated in ten thousand graveyards. The packing houses return a small amount. The main source of supply is the deposit of fossilized bones and shells of prehistoric animals lying in the rocks. Such deposits occur in Tennessee, Florida, and the Rocky Mountains—most of them in the Rockies. According to Dr. Morgan, we need every pound to bring back our soils to par. Meanwhile phosphate rock is being mined and exported in large quantities, especially to Japan. This, in his opinion, is a national crime—like shipping foodstuffs for profit out of a hungry country. To get this phosphorus back into the soil of the United States involves a heavy transportation cost. That is why his process for making calcium metaphosphate is so important. In this form it can be shipped 63 per cent pure phosphorus and mixed later on the farm with the proper inert ingredients. The meta promises to cut 2,000 shipping pounds of plant food to 730 pounds, for an equivalent amount of nourishment.

I have before me as I write a piece of metaphosphate given me by Dr. Morgan. It is about the size of a marble, amber colored and translucent. One can only guess at what this crystal is some day to mean to American agriculture, the food supply, the preservation of the American homeland. Had there been no TVA I should never have held this crystal in my hand. The patents are held by the government, and the development will be non-profit government business—unless the Liberty League lawyers contrive to get hold of it and lock it up in their economy of judicial scarcity. Dams, yes. But perhaps here is something even more important.

I think I have said enough to show that the TVA is well on the way to drive a resource base under the people of the Valley. If its present activities are carried to their logical conclusion, the Valley will be free of floods, provided with cheap navigation, overflowing with cheap electric power. Its soils will be rebuilt, its forests and tree crops brought back and put on a permanent yield basis. Its agricultural pattern will be revolutionized—passing from a one-crop basis to a diversified basis, with vast areas of pasture lands to replace the deepening red gullies between the rows of corn and cotton. The new pattern is taking shape, with the cooperation and consent of the people of the Valley. The strategy of planning is based on that consent. A few more years of the same kind of progress, and the roots will have been driven so deep that not even the Republicans will dare to thrust this Valley back into progressive depletion and despair.

In the next and final article we shall examine the matter of planning by democratic consent, the specific techniques involved, and the kind of people who are carrying it forward.

[*Mr. Chase's third article on the TVA will appear next week.*]

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The Methodists Retreat

BY PAUL HUTCHINSON

THE Methodists have wound up their quadrennial General Conference in a burst of self-congratulation. Heralded as a church gathering in which social reactionaries and liberals would collide head on, the six hundred delegates stayed in session for three weeks without allowing more than a few faint murmurs of disagreement to disturb the placid calm. "What was to have been a battle has proved to be a peace pact!" one delegate proclaimed in triumph. The big news in the Methodist church, its leaders insist, is that a session of this governing body has proved that no reasons exist within its ranks for conflict on social issues.

Such an interpretation of what happened at the Methodist conference is simply another illustration of the readiness of American Protestantism to fool itself concerning its relation to the gathering social crisis. The Methodists did, to be sure, dodge a fight on social issues. But they did so by the simple device of failing to propose any affirmative social measures and by leaving the social conservatives in virtual control of the denominational machinery. Such social liberals as the church contains were left free to agitate as they may desire in unofficial organizations outside the official stockade. But at those spots in the church's regular machinery where—according to certain groups of alarmed laymen—subversive social ideas have been fostered, dependable champions of the status quo were placed on guard. This is the basis on which in this period of social tension and economic insecurity the Methodists have found peace.

Because the Methodists have so often proved the bellwethers of the Protestant flock and have been on the whole the most responsive of the large denominations to progressive social ideas, the developments revealed by their recent conference must be granted a significance extending beyond the bounds of the denomination. Four years ago their awakening social concern led their General Conference to adopt a declaration that "the present social order is unchristian, unethical, and anti-social, because it is based largely on the profit motive, which is a direct appeal to selfishness. Selfishness is never morally right, never Christian, and eventually never benefits anybody." Faced by a social order under such condemnation, the Methodists declared it to be the business of the church to "stir the consciences of mankind to create a social way of life in which all men shall have opportunity to develop their capacities to the fullest possible extent," and they specified further that in fulfilling this duty the church "must clearly teach the fullest possible cooperative control and ownership of industry and of the natural resources upon which industry rests."

So spoke the Methodists in 1932. It was a year, it will be remembered when the bankers and the railway magnates were trampling one another in their eagerness to secure handouts from Washington, and when there were few apologists who dared lift even a feeble voice for good old laissez faire. But this is 1936. Roosevelt is still ruining the country in the front pages of the metropolitan press, but back in the financial section things don't look so bad. In fact, they look pretty juicy. That magic word "boom" begins to be bandied about with increasing frequency. Even the *Saturday Evening Post* thought it necessary recently to deal with the puzzling question why business men don't quit courting apoplexy by cursing Roosevelt and take to dancing in the streets.

With this sort of thing going on, a considerable number of Methodist laymen have awakened to the socially subversive character of the resolution adopted by the Methodists during the depths of the depression condemning a profit-motivated society. A first sign of the change in attitude induced by a changing business climate came early last autumn when a small group of Midwestern laymen met in the Union League Club of Chicago and organized a "Conference of Methodist Laymen" with the object of getting their church back to its proper business of preaching the gospel. Later a similar group with a similar purpose was organized in Southern California, and later still in the New York metropolitan area, with Newark as its headquarters. From these groups came demands, given ample publicity in the Hearst and other reactionary newspapers, that Methodism clean its house of socialistic ideas and socialistically inclined denominational officers and ministers.

The principal targets against which these conservative laymen directed their fire were two. There has existed for years an unofficial organization of Methodist clergy and laity called the Methodist Federation for Social Service. Its president is the liberal Bishop Francis J. McConnell; its executive secretary the radical Professor Harry F. Ward, who, in addition to being a professor in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and titular head of the American Civil Liberties Union and the American League Against War and Fascism, is an ordained Methodist minister. As an unofficial organization, supported by the dues and contributions of individual members, the federation has confined its efforts largely to the dissemination of factual information bearing on social issues. Though it operates in this highly controversial field, the statements contained in its bulletins have seldom been questioned. The laymen, knowing that the denomination possessed no authority to suppress this voluntary and unofficial body, contented themselves with proposing that it be denied the use of the name "Methodist" in its title—this despite the fact that they had named their own voluntary and unofficial body the Conference of Methodist Laymen.

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The other target was the young people's department of the denomination's Board of Education. Here was something official—a department which through thousands of Epworth Leagues and hundreds of summer camps and conferences was sending out a constant stream of educational material for use in discussion groups. All this material was frankly written to fit a program entitled "Christian Youth Building a New World." Its diagnosis of the present ills of society was drastic. Its proposals envisaged a planned society in which production should be for use and not for profit. Moreover, the particular staff secretaries responsible for indoctrinating young Methodists with social ideas of this sort made no attempt to disavow their own position as Socialists. The laymen wanted an end put to this poisoning of the minds of the young.

When the Methodists met in their General Conference —at Columbus, Ohio, on May 1—they discovered that the actual number of votes the conservative laymen could command was not large. However, the denominational leaders were disturbed by the thought of the damage which might be done by laymen refusing to furnish financial support. It takes money to run a denominational machine as ponderous as that of the Methodists. The list of colleges, secondary schools, hospitals, orphanages, and similar enterprises that look to the Methodists for endowment and current support occupies pages and pages in the denominational yearbook. Every missionary represents an investment of $2,500 and the Methodists are proud that they have so many missionaries. During the Coolidge era large Methodist churches were built in many American cities; today in most cities one or more Methodist congregrations are staggering under a fantastic debt load. It all comes to money—and the money has to come out of the layman's pocket!

The thing that happened at the Methodist General Conference, therefore, represented an attempt to keep from repudiating openly the advanced social positions which the denomination had taken in the past while making it clear to the conservative laymen that they need not worry about the future. Unofficial groups were assured the right to use the name of the denomination in their titles, but were warned against letting the impression get out that they spoke for the church. The usual resolutions on peace were adopted, but the denomination's peace commission was left without an appropriation, so that its efforts will not assume large proportions. When it came to the critical report on social and economic questions, a pronouncement was brought in which was avowedly so neutral, so much "on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other," that its total meaning added up to zero. The denomination which in 1932 adopted the report I have already quoted managed this year to run away from the whole social issue by declaring, as the mover of the report succinctly put it, that "there is a wide divergence of opinion among us as to the meaning of a Christian society as well as to the means of its realization."

Then, to make the triumph of the conservative laymen complete, the Methodist bishops, who have the power of nominating the members of the boards of the denomination, dropped their own colleague, the liberal Bishop Edgar Blake of Detroit, from the presidency of the Board of Education and put in his place the arch-reactionary of their number, Bishop Adna Wright Leonard of Pittsburgh. With Bishop Leonard in the president's seat, the membership of the board was then made up to include a group of ministers and laymen who are expected to put a sudden end to the liberal teaching which has been going out from this board to young people's groups. Already the board secretaries tagged with the Socialist label have been asked to resign "quietly." By this act the bishops have not only assured the laymen that the denomination's attitude on social issues will be kept regular in the future, but they have clearly identified themselves as a final stronghold of the forces of social reaction within the denomination.

This, in the main, is what has happened to social liberalism in the Methodist church. Much the same thing seems likely to happen in other churches, depending, of course, on the radicalism of the pronouncements on social issues which those churches may have made during the days when their laymen were prostrate and inarticulate. A revealing, if minor, incident at the Methodist conference was the ovation given to the moderator of the Presbyterian church, Dr. Joseph A. Vance of Detroit, when he spoke of capitalism and warned against "killing the goose that has laid the golden eggs." The reason for the present wave of reaction is not hard to discover. Protestant churches are essentially middle-class clubs. As the middle class feels the effect of business recovery it becomes increasingly indifferent to and even opposed to proposals for change in the social order. For capitalism, when it works, is acceptable to the middle class. If the Roosevelt recovery continues, the Protestant layman of the middle class will again find himself fairly well off. As soon as he does, he will tell his pastor to let social questions alone.

The other side of this picture is of course the fact that the Roman Catholic church, which is essentially not a middle-class club, is becoming socially aroused as the Protestant churches become socially silent. The use which the National Catholic Welfare Conference is making of the two papal social encyclicals is in striking contrast to the readiness of the Methodists to admit that nobody knows what a Christian society would be or how to get it. If the Catholic church could escape from the influence of one or two reactionary cardinals—especially with reference to the child-labor issue—it would be well set to make a new and unprecedentedly successful appeal to the mass of the laboring population. For that part of our population has already discovered that capitalism has no recovery to offer which will carry its benefits down to the common worker. Wall Street and the business index may tell the middle class member that happy days are (almost) here again. But there are still twenty million Americans on relief, with slight prospect of getting off; the number of unemployed has apparently become stabilized at eleven million; and the basic economic rivalries which make for war are everywhere being accentuated. If the Protestant church has a contribution to make toward the Christianizing of our social order, it must act quickly.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

UNDOUBTEDLY the downfall of J. H. Thomas and his forced resignation from the British Cabinet will be hailed by many of his former associates in the Labor government and Labor Party as a piece of retributive justice. Like Ramsay MacDonald, Thomas was ready to enter the bogus National government and to break with almost all the associations of a long and active life in order to stay in the Cabinet. Not that that was their sole motive. MacDonald and Thomas and the other National Laborites doubtless convinced themselves that they were patriotic in the highest degree in striking hands with their life-time enemies, the Conservatives, in order to keep England on the gold standard and prevent other financial disorders. They were not abashed by the country's prompt departure from that monetary standard and have since continued to act as if the present government were something other than an ordinary Conservative undertaking. For certain temperaments retirement to private life after a long public service becomes so unthinkable as subconsciously to warrant any new political orientation.

As I have repeatedly pointed out, there is nothing which so quickly disintegrates certain types of character as office-holding and the wielding of great political and social power. The record of the MacDonald administration was a sad one even before the Great Apostasy. One minister after another yielded to the seductions of high office, to the lure of "society," to the blandishments, the flattery, of those naturally on the other side of the political fence. Snowden's acceptance of a title—attributed to his wife's social ambitions—the profound influence exerted by certain titled persons upon MacDonald himself, and the swollen self-esteem of some of the other ministers—these are known of all men. But Thomas seems to have yielded to the get-rich-quick madness as if he were a member of the Miami Rotary Club or one of our leading bank presidents in the pre-Roosevelt era. Whether he let the budget secret out or not, it is quite sufficient that he had accepted an advance of $75,500—to buy his wife a house—on his unwritten memoirs, from a publisher who had never published anything but a racing sheet. He was either money mad or in financial distress—he followed the horses and bet steadily on all sorts of things. More than sufficient to drive him out of public life is the fact that he bet upon the chances of a fall election when he sat where he would have inside information. It would also seem a quite adequate reason for his resignation that he, a Cabinet minister, was a constant race-track gambler and that one of his close associates, who used his own son under a false name to place his bet at Lloyds on the coming of tax increases, was obviously not the type of man who should have had the free run of Mr. Thomas's office. With such a pal sooner or later leakage of an important state secret was inevitable.

So the damage is final and complete and cannot be explained away. It is a triple tragedy. Thomas has not only betrayed himself; he has betrayed the Labor Party even though no longer a part of it. Finally, he has dealt a dreadful blow to the high repute of British ministers and official life in general. That has been something that England has had a right to be proud of. Its Cabinet members might be short-sighted and stupid and wholly class-conscious, but it has been felt, with reason as the records show, that they were above peculation or what could be termed conduct unbecoming a minister of the Crown. The cables are probably correct in reporting a universal sense of shame, and universal relief that the offender resigned so promptly. The Labor people feel especially aggrieved. For here is a man who rose from the ranks, who became a great figure within the party, who was bound to set an example not only for his party's sake but for that of his class—and now he winds up in disgrace.

It does not mitigate the shock to say that he was anything but a success as Minister for the Colonies. He was from the beginning a misfit there. The Manchester *Guardian* as usual tells the exact truth when it says that "he has no achievement to his credit except the exacerbation of feeling within the empire." His part in the recent Irish dispute was unworthy of the government he represented. Hence, for all his one-time popularity both here and in England, there can be no real grief over his retirement. The pity of it is that no Labor government hereafter can take office without the questions being asked whether it contains one or more J. H. Thomases to betray the cause and how many others in it will be taken in by Milady This and the Countess That and flattered to their destruction by the undersecretaries and permanent officials. The pitfalls are many, and they are carefully prepared for those who have come up to the top after lives of hard labor, privation, and penury. The new office-holders are carefully studied, like organisms under the microscope, with a view to finding out their weaknesses and exploiting them. Is it human nature to yield? Inevitable that among many a few may stumble? Yes, but when the cause of the masses is at stake, when a tremendous popular movement has just reached its fruition and has seized the opportunity to govern where there has been misgovernment before, then its chosen representatives are in duty and in honor sacredly bound not to yield to their weaknesses or to indulge their desires for sudden wealth and $75,000 houses. For the evil that they do will live after them and the good be interréd with their bones.

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BROUN'S PAGE

THE American Newspaper Guild took an important and an inevitable step at its third annual convention in New York when by a vote of eighty-four to five it decided to apply for membership in the A. F. of L. as an international union. At the beginning of the guild movement the members were pretty generally opposed to asking for affiliation. There were always some who favored such a move, but they soon learned that it would be quite impossible to sweep the membership along by even the most eloquent and vigorous campaign of propaganda. I am aware that quite a different theory has been spread on the record. Marlen Pew of *Editor and Publisher* and several newspaper owners have paid me the distinct compliment of charging that I personally kidnapped and dragooned some four or five thousand newspapermen and left them on the doorstep of the organized labor movement. I honestly wish it were true, because any such achievement on my part would be enormously good for my inferiority complex.

Unfortunately it has no basis in truth. I don't need to be too humble. I am proud of the fact that when organized newspapermen made their first articulate demands I did make a short speech in which I said that if we could not get those things we needed through the NRA and through a guild type of organization, we would seek them through the power of trade unionism. But at that time it was no more than a good guess. I based my prophecy on the distinct feeling that the newspaper publishers would not meet us halfway, one-third of the way, or even one-hundredth of the way. If any decorations are to be conferred upon the individuals who brought reporters into a consciousness of their part in the labor movement, those decorations must all go to the publishers.

The first contact between organized newspapermen and newspaper owners took the form of a cocktail party which the guild gave at the Hotel Astor for the publishers of New York. I was on an assignment in Washington and missed most of the party, but I am told that, between rounds, it was a sort of round-table discussion of the rights and privileges of reporters. Somebody mentioned the fact that newspapermen are grossly underpaid. All the publishers nodded a grave assent. Another guildsman mentioned the fact that jobs are insecure and argued that American reporters ought to have severance notices approaching those which obtain in Europe. Again there was complete agreement in principle.

Much encouraged, we set about to get from the newspaper publishers of New York an agreement which would include a few mild concessions. But the response to our first letter was neither friendly nor hostile. There just wasn't any response. After an interval of more than three years I timidly offered another olive branch only a few weeks ago. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association was meeting in New York, and as the president of the guild I sent a polite telegram to its executive (if memory serves me right a man from Syracuse named Barnum) in which I suggested that a good many misapprehensions as to guild policies and guild objectives might be cleared up if I could get permission to appear before the convention to give frank answers to any questions which they cared to ask. I said that I knew their time was limited and I had no desire to make a speech. Mr. Baumgart of Utica made no answer. When the guild convention met in New York recently a public invitation was extended to any publisher to appear and answer questions about the policies of his organization in order to clear up any misapprehensions among guild members as to the policies and objectives of the publishers' union. But again there was no answer.

Mr. Hearst's attitude of complete isolation from contacts with organized newspapermen has certainly helped the growth of the trade-union movement. Roy Howard's decision to break off negotiations with the *World-Telegram* unit and post his concessions on the bulletin board rather than through any sort of agreement speeded up the drift toward the A. F. of L. So did the lockouts carried on by various publishers in Staten Island, Newark, Jamaica, Harlem, and Lorain. But the man who most of all deserves to be decorated for bringing the American Newspaper Guild to the doorstep of the A. F. of L. is Marlen Pew of *Editor and Publisher*. The bitterness and unfairness of his editorial comment made converts every day.

In the beginning Mr. Pew professed to be very much in favor of newspaper organization, but when the Associated Press fired Morris Watson, *Editor and Publisher* commended the wire service for its action and said boldly and bluntly that every editor should fire every reporter who joined any sort of organization for collective bargaining. Mr. Pew has professed to be the bitter foe of Hearst, but his editorials have all been passionately against the guild strike in Milwaukee. The overwhelming vote for A. F. of L. affiliation at the last guild convention was the result of no leader's propaganda. No speech or article had anything to do with it. As a matter of fact the *Guild Reporter* was under instructions for a considerable period to carry no editorials in favor of affiliation. The decision of the membership was made in the manner in which all important decisions should be made. The members in units throughout the country decided that they wanted to get into the American Federation of Labor because there was no other way. The publishers had convinced them of the necessity and not by words but by deeds. When a man gets fired from a job for guild activity he does not need to hear a speech or read an editorial. He realizes that what he needs is a larger and a more powerful organization. He has learned out of experience. The publishers have furnished the experience, and we will furnish them the militant union. Van Bibber regrets that he will be unable to lunch today.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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JUSTICE HOLMES: FLOWERING AND DEFEAT

BY MAX LERNER

THIS is a sad essay, for much of my reading recently has been in the opinions of the Supreme Court, and their narrow unyielding quality has sent my mind back to the towering figure by the side of whom Chief Justice Hughes seems merely a politician and Justice Sutherland a school-marm. The triumph of the present Supreme Court majority is in a real sense a triumph over Justice Holmes and the memory of Justice Holmes. In the same sense it is a triumph of legalism and business enterprise over literature and the philosophic mind. As I have watched the Supreme Court majority during the past fifteen months riding roughshod over every principle of humanism and tolerance that Holmes ever stood for, my mind has turned back with increasing frequency to Holmes himself—to his decisions and his speeches and his letters, all fit to stand with the great writing of America and its noblest thinking. I have turned back in quest of the roots of his flowering and defeat.

What emerges most clearly as one reads Holmes and reads about him is that here was a whole man. His genius —and it *was* genius—did not proceed from eccentricity, nor did it proceed from revolt. It was not the schizoid genius of a Poe, nor the tight austerity turned into flame of an Emerson, nor the truncated genius of a Melville. There was a wholeness about Holmes which could come only from the flowering of the sole aristocracy America has ever had—the New England intellectual aristocracy.

The picture that we have of Holmes as he grew into maturity is the picture of a young New England intellectual aristocrat, with literary and philosophical tastes, careening to success in his chosen profession of the law. He had chosen the law deliberately as a pathway to expression and not because some inner need or some cruel urge and pressure of the time dictated that career and that alone. He had a hunger for greatness or distinction of some sort and a hunger for adventure. He got his chance at the second during the Civil War, in which he was wounded three times and distinguished himself for bravery. When he came back from war he was ready to plunge just as intensely into the battles of peace, if only he could get an adversary formidable enough. That may be, indeed, why he chose law: simply because to fashion something great and enduring out of such barren and unyielding material one would need to have a firm sculptor's hand, and ample heat of the brain with which to govern the chisel. "In our youths," he afterwards said, "our hearts were touched with fire. It was given to us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing." It was this conviction that enabled him to master the technicalities of legal study, read his fill of the English Yearbooks, get out his edition of Kent's "Commentaries" and his book on the "Common Law." But even as a young lawyer he was still absorbingly interested in philosophy. In an office on Beacon Street, with the shades drawn, the gas-light flaring, a whiskey bottle on the table, and Holmes's tall frame leaning against the mantel, he and William James would spend the evening in talk, "twisting the tail of the cosmos."

He seemed to have all the gifts the gods could offer: family, wit, elegance, grace, a profound belief in life, a quiet self-assurance, a deep sense of security. He was of the leisure class, he lived and talked in the grand manner, with just enough hint of the casual, the profane, and the shocking to make it clear that the grand manner was something he adopted deliberately while he viewed it objectively. His success was like an irresistible force. He taught at Harvard College; got the first professorship of law for which there was an opening; and, barely launched on legal teaching, was elevated to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. No wonder that later he was able to touch the hearts of all young men with fire. For what he did for them was to take a profession that was rapidly becoming too commercialized and sordid even for the strong stomachs of American youth and invest it with nobility, grandeur, daring.

Holmes came to the bench already equipped with a philosophy which he had compounded somehow out of Plato, Emerson, and William James and out of his own already fabulous experience. It was not a self-contained philosophic system in which the ends always met. More often than not he brought to the writing of one of his opinions merely a series of sharp insights and sharper phrases, which he would proceed to lick into shape and give an organic structure mainly by his unflagging vitality. His thought flowed from an insistence that any fact had to validate itself before it could disturb his desire to let past experience stand. "All that I mean by truth is what I can't help thinking. . . . But I have learned to surmise that my *can't helps* are not necessarily cosmic."

But he had not rid himself of the influence of Plato, or of Plato in Emerson. Try as he would to wash his thought in the cynical acid of pragmatism, he still lived considerably in the realm of essences. There was always a straining for the universal, a restlessness until he had shown "the relation of his fact to the framework of the universe." Although he was called a sociological jurist, the values and experience he cared most about were of invariance rather than change. He had his eye peeled always for the curious uniformity with which the human animal behaves, whatever the century: he sought identities, whereas his colleague Brandeis always sought mutations.

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His equipment in the lore of human uniformity was profound; his equipment in the sciences of social change was negligible. He gave lip-service to economics, and said that the man of the future in law was not the black-letter man but the economist; yet his own economics was fragmentary and almost archaic.

But beyond philosophy or economics, Holmes was ridden by two myths: that of the soldier and that of the gambler. Life was a campaign, requiring heroic and disciplined individual qualities. Life was a throw of the dice, but the stakes were worth the risks. Both myths, it will be seen, are of the leisure class. His memory of the war made his approach to life that of the good soldier; his philosophy was an aleatory philosophy—the gods playing at dice with human destinies; his theory of law was that it was merely "the rules of the game." With this framework it was amazing how successful Holmes was in handling the problems of a complicated industrial world. On the Massachusetts bench his tough and skeptical conservatism allowed the existing legal rule—embodying all the changes and chances of the past—to stand unless the new doctrine forced its way in. On the United States Supreme Court he turned his skepticism toward the process of judicial interpretation itself, and would allow the action of the legislature—embodying men's experience and the risks they were willing to take in learning how to govern themselves—to stand unless it seemed entirely unreasonable. What had seemed conservatism at first now seemed radicalism.

But Holmes was no radical. He was against any "tinkering with the institution of property." "The notion that with socialized property we should have women free and a piano for everybody seems to me an empty humbug." After rendering an opinion favorable to some strikers he went on very sedulously to disclaim having any illusions that strikes were economically valid. He saw them merely as "a lawful instrument in the universal struggle for life." In fact, his whole conception seems at times an aristocratic refinement on Darwinism. He believed in the law of the economic jungle, but he wanted to see the beasts behave like gentlemen and observe the rules of the game. He was able to come out in protection of trade unionism on the ground that it gave the employees "equality of bargaining power"— that is, a good gambling chance. But to apply an individualistic approach or a philosophy of risk and gamble to American business was a thankless task. Business was more adept at that than was anything dreamed of in Holmes's philosophy: it had Holmes licked even before the word go. Given monopoly conditions, law could not be regarded with Olympian calm. To view thus the position of the worker as against the large corporation, or the small business man as against the holding company, was at best a bitter sort of irony.

Like Henry Adams, Holmes was the flowering of an aristocracy that felt itself bewildered under the impact of the new industrialism. But while Adams analyzed with a poignant awareness the sources of his defeat, Holmes gallantly and robustly proclaimed that one could still live in a world like this. Even aristocrats could. The function of the aristocrat was to maintain the great traditions while the forces loose in an industrial world battled it out to a conclusion. But Holmes is dead, and his influence lingers only with a few dissenters, protesting in a diminuendo. The prevailing tone of style and thought in the Supreme Court decisions is now set by Justice McReynolds and Justice Sutherland. But while Holmes's defeat shows that the preindustrial aristocratic tradition cannot grapple with the problems of finance capitalism, he will always be proof that the tradition could generate a superb personality and a great style.

BOOKS

Tradition for Tradition's Sake

REACTIONARY ESSAYS ON POETRY AND IDEAS. By Allen Tate. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

EVEN in his title Mr. Tate is the hard-pressing dialectician; for reaction, it is explained later, is actually the most radical of programs, since "it aims at cutting away the overgrowth and getting back to the roots." What we are accustomed to call radicalism is simply a modified version of a heresy that has been with us for a long time, a mere "rearranging of the foliage." Such boldness of paradox is characteristic of Mr. Tate's method throughout, a method of unrelenting definition and redefinition which makes for criticism that is at once stimulating and exhausting. For it is one of the tacit assumptions of this criticism that the critic must never permit himself to become emotional, even when he is dealing with emotional subjects, and the reader must respond by pretending to remove any such suspicion from his mind.He must meet the critic on his own plane of dialectic logic, however difficult that may be, and in Mr. Tate's case it is very difficult indeed. To some readers the effort may seem greater than the rewards; but for those who feel that no effort is too great, no mass of intellectual overgrowth too tangled to break through, in the search for some light on our problems, Mr. Tate's book will offer plenty of rewards of every kind.

The largest single idea to be extracted from it is the conviction—which Mr. Tate rightly admits is not, beyond a certain point, demonstrable—that experience is something which must be grasped as a whole. Apparently Mr. Tate has been led to this conclusion through his study of literature, for the volume opens with a half-dozen papers on specific literary figures and topics, each devoted to one or another aspect of the general view, and pointing toward the long theoretical essay entitled Three Types of Poetry. For Mr. Tate, poetry, the right sort of poetry, is neither propaganda, which he calls allegory, nor romantic self-expression, which he calls "the poetry of the will," but a vision of the whole—a creation of "the totality of experience in its quality." Its ultimate function is to provide "a focus of repose for the will-driven intellect that constantly shakes the equilibrium of persons and societies with its unrelieved imposition of partial formulas upon the world." From literature as something complex and imponderable, and therefore only to be apprehended in its entirety, Mr. Tate is naturally led to an inspection of that other important vehicle of qualitative experience, religion. In Humanism and Religion dialectic is reduced to its barest in an attack on what is described as the anti-naturalistic naturalism of Paul Elmer More and his school: Mr. Tate defends the "whole view" of religion

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against the partial formula of the humanists in the name not of any particular religion but of an undefined religious point of view.

The important long essay Religion and the Old South is a deeper and more elaborate statement of the same point of view. In this essay we are presented with the not too happy analogy of the horse—the whole horse of religion in contradistinction to both the half-horse of science and the half-horse of romantic mysticism. We are made aware of the futility of pure Quantity and of the vacuity of pure Quality by an illustration of the manner in which both are compounded in actual reality. Also in this essay Mr. Tate presses on to the more direct and immediate application of his doctrine. If literature led him to religion, religion now leads him to politics, or at least geography. For we are asked to examine the present status and future possibilities of religion in one particular area of the earth's surface. On the whole, Mr. Tate is discouraging about the state of religious health in the South, and skeptical about its future; the trouble with the South is that it has always been without an adequate system of religious dogma. But while it has had a weak religion it has had a very strong tradition. And for Mr. Tate, at least in this essay, tradition comes to be pretty nearly as good a thing as religion. Like religion, from which it becomes separated in his analysis, it offers a concrete way of dealing with concrete things. The only question is whether there is enough of it left to enlist support for its restoration. This, Mr. Tate decides in a passage that will be seized on by certain of his opponents, would lead to action, that is, to politics.

No such résumé as this can possibly do justice to the whole of Mr. Tate's book—which is perhaps another way of saying that criticism, when it is on as high a plane as this, is of the same qualitative essence as literature: it is incapable of being abstracted into anything but itself. No summary can indicate the quality of intensity, for example, which animates every line of its prose. Emotion in this critic is not a superficial property of style, betrayed in rhythm and language, but something inherent in the mental process itself, as it should be in good criticism. Nor is it possible to point out the many special insights and observations, especially those having to do with the poetic art, which are the incidental by-products of the argument. The total value of this criticism is not measurable by the extent of one's agreement with its assumptions and implications.

For it will be necessary to note briefly what seems to be a contradiction between the idea of tradition, which must be "automatically operative" in order to be valid, and the main implication of the book, that tradition can and must be defended through political action. Does this not require that tradition itself be reduced to one of those hateful abstractions by which "the qualitative view of experience" is robbed of its true value and function? Does not the defense tradition become another mischievous expression of "the will-driven intellect"? The final objection to Mr. Tate's position turns out to be the very one that he raised against the humanists: "Mr. More's doctrine is morality for morality's sake, and if art for art's sake has always been an outrage upon reason, his position is no less so." By divorcing tradition from religion or any other body of objective values, as he seems to be doing, Mr. Tate is actually perpetrating the same sort of outrage upon reason. He is asking us to believe that tradition is capable of lifting itself by its own boot-straps, which is tradition for tradition's sake. And this doctrine, like any other sufficiently indifferent to the historical relationship between values and experience, can become, in the wrong hands, a very mischievous doctrine indeed.

WILLIAM TROY

The Range of Engels

FRIEDRICH ENGELS. By Gustav Mayer. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THIS is the first full biography to be devoted to Engels, and it is by the foremost living authority upon its subject. For over a generation Professor Mayer has devoted his energies to the history of socialism, and the two-volume work he devoted to Engels last year will long remain the essential discussion of its theme. In the present book he has aimed, above all, at a portrait of Engels the man, and the result is wholly admirable. Engels emerges from the shadow of Marx as a full and significant human being. Learned, creative, generous, warm-hearted, even gay, it is not difficult to feel in him the qualities of a great man. Even without Marx, he would have been a thinker of distinctive importance. The union of their dual insight led to the most distinguished partnership in the history of social thought.

In the portrait painted by Professor Mayer, what is above all arresting is the range of Engels's mind. Philosophy, natural science, history—he is aware of the central movement of ideas in all of these. He can write brilliantly upon military questions. He is, as his articles in half a score of journals make evident, able to comment with pungency and insight upon the passing affairs of the day. His vision extends from California to Russia; he is able to see the significance of the gold discoveries in the one as he penetrates the significance of the abolition of serfdom in the other. No doubt he has some of Marx's own defects. He suffered from excessive optimism; though he saw the large shape of the revolution he helped to make, he was always premature in predicting its advent. He was harsh to those who differed from him, and, like Marx, he was never really just to Lassalle. Like Marx, also, he did not suffer fools over-gladly, and where he disagreed he did not avoid the temptation to condemn. Unlike Marx, he seems wholly free from vanity, though it is not improbable that this difference is partly to be explained by his own more comfortable circumstances. Those who attack Marx on this score must ceaselessly remember the tragedy of a man of genius almost the whole of whose life is passed in a bitter struggle with a gnawing poverty which results from his own supreme integrity.

The attractiveness of Engels as a man is evident on every page of Professor Mayer's book. His loyalty and devotion have rightly become proverbial. His courage is only less remarkable; and his own integrity has never been called into question. In the forty years of his friendship with Marx there is only one clouded moment, and this due to no lack of faith in Engels himself. Again and again his insight into the major events of his time is amazing—on America, Ireland, Russia, on British trade unionism he saw horizons the significance of which we are only just beginning to discern. Forty years after his death the quality of his written work—not least his letters—seems even more enduring than in his own lifetime. And when it is remembered that for practically a generation he was a slave to a business he hated from a sense of obligation to the movement he served, it is impossible not to salute as noble a man as there has been in the history of the socialist movement.

Professor Mayer has done his work with exactly the balance the ordinary reader requires. The scholar, perhaps, would like a little more detail on minor points. Was, for instance, his "Conditions of the Working Class" inspired by Buret? Or was it independently conceived? Did he ever fully understand the trade unionism with which he was so impatient? What is the meaning of the preface he wrote to the final edition of the

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Communist Manifesto? These, and other questions like them, would perhaps have justified a discussion Professor Mayer does not undertake. But what is here is, clearly enough, as lifelike and accurate a portrait as we are likely to have. No living scholar other than Professor Mayer could have written it with the same easy mastery of the complicated materials. It is an indispensable book to anyone who wishes to know the detailed history of Marxian socialism. HAROLD J. LASKI

"Dream's Enterprise"

POEMS, 1919-1934. Walter de la Mare. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

WALTER DE LA MARE in his introduction to Rupert Brooke's poems took occasion to remark that "visionaries are those whose eyes are fixed on the distance, on the beginning and the end rather than on the incidental excitement of life's journey." He went on to declare that "such poets have to learn to substantiate their imaginings, to base their fantastic palaces on terra firma." It was De la Mare's misfortune, however, to become a poet at a time when the world discouraged a visionary. Yeats alone of this period had built, out of Irish mythology, a realm of the imagination into which he could retreat and with which he could compare the world of reality. De la Mare's has been the world of childhood rather than the world of heroic myth, a realm both ephemeral and intangible, the world of childhood as it is remembered by the adult. This poet, born evidently a very dreamy and sensitive child, became in later years a statistician, and passed eighteen years of his life in the Anglo-American Oil Company. In consequence, his work, like Lamb's, whose career so greatly resembles his own, reflects a characteristic escape into whimsicality and nostalgia for the lost, even while it lacks Lamb's bitterness and wit. There is a continuous longing for childhood's remembered intensity together with an adult's recognition that these early experiences can be recaptured only briefly, and then projected as through a glass, darkly.

De la Mare is, to be sure, concerned only with beginnings and with ends, and not with the incidental excitement of life's journey. His earlier poetry reflects most often the child's quick sensitivity, while his later poetry dwells continuously on the end of life, on the release, the peace of death—of death in no conventional guise, but as a return to a childhood awareness. Nor does De la Mare forget that the visionary must base his "palaces on terra firma." But his terra firma is most likely to be the child's picture of reality. Note the beginning of his very fine poem describing the escape from life—The Last Coachload:

> Crashed through the woods that lumbering Coach. The dust
> Of flinted roads bepowdering felloe and hood,
> Its gay paint cracked, its axles red with rust,
> It lunged, lurched, toppled through a solitude
>
> Of whispering boughs, and feathery, nid-nod grass.
> Plodded the fetlocked horses. Glum and mum
> Its ancient Coachman recked not where he was
> Nor into what strange haunt his wheels were come.

The poem continues then, from an account of the actual journey to a description of the escape into the infinite release.

> All Journeying done. Rest now from lash and spur—
> Laughing and weeping, shoulder and elbow—'t would seem
> The Coach capacious all Infinity were.
> And these the fabulous figments of dream

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Mad for escape; frenzied each breathless mote,
Lest rouse the Old Enemy from his death-still swoon,
Lest crack that whip again—they fly, they float,
Scamper, breathe—"Paradise!" abscond, are gone . . .

There have, of course, been other visionary poets, other poets who dreamed toward escape. Poe, for example, courted the weird through images intellectually contrived to enhance the strangeness of his verse music. Shelley, because often the world was too much for him, disembodied in imagery all he pictured, made reality into spirit, himself into spirit. Blake, a visionary of the Old Testament variety, born of wrath, threw against the reality which he abhorred his own early Christian conceptions of right and wrong. Coleridge escaped into the supernatural, drawing his imagery mostly from curious books and embodying these concepts in dream images.

Indeed, every visionary poet projects in his poetry the realm most akin to his spirit. Old mythologies, old or new philosophies have sometimes given a poet his symbols of truth. But De la Mare was born into a scientific world. For him, certainly, childhood held the only beauty, and this was an intangible thing, an awareness, an exploration only. When he had to recognize adulthood, he knew it as a kind of purgatory through which one must pass in order to escape again into newness, into a new sense of eternal freshness—for so he pictures death. All his symbols and his images are really those which give an abrupt, brief, growing awareness, such as the child fathoms. Adult life for him is a "wild banishment." But he never presents in poetry a dull anguish or a heavy despair, only a groping, evanescent hunger. His images are delicate, silvery, and fluttering; his music is variable and flute-like. In a world of dawns, dusks, and moonlights, of small sounds, feathery touches, light whispers, he affirms the hope that one "may pierce through all earthly memory" and rediscover the shadowy, marvelous impressions of life's inner growing, of the beginning, or understand the mystery of its end, of the final release.

EDA LOU WALTON

Fallacies of Life Insurance

LIFE INSURANCE—A LEGALIZED RACKET. By Mort Gilbert and E. Albert Gilbert. Marlowe Publishing Company. $2.50.

LIFE INSURANCE—A CRITICAL EXAMINATION. By Edward Berman. Harper and Brothers. $2.

ABOUT the time the first American policy was written, Barry Cornwall had already defined life insurance as "the greatest humbug in Christendom." Only last winter in one of his humorous radio skits Fred Allen described it as "a contract a man signs agreeing to go through life poor so he can die rich." Today some 65,000,000 policy holders in America are invited backstage to see the players, the props, and the sets of this greatest financial drama of all times. Two provocative volumes now bid you to view that side of life insurance most of us seldom if ever see. Neither volume challenges the basic principle of insurance; indeed, no one can—successfully.

Both books, however, rightly and justifiably attack the administration of life insurance, and this on the most vulnerable flanks. The inordinately high premium rates, the misadmixture of insurance and savings in the hybrid endowment and limited-pay contracts, the industrial-insurance disgrace, the policy-loan racket, the agency system, the net-cost fable, the dividend humbug, come in for fair and proper criticism at the hands of challengers who do not pull their punches. Mort and E. Albert Gilbert have captioned their book on life insurance "a legalized racket." Professor Edward Berman has described his volume as "a critical examination" of the subject. In the distinctions between these two captions lie all the differences in the manner, style, and vigor of their respective criticisms and their proposed remedies.

The Gilberts have defined their subject, to use their own words, as "a detailed exposition of the workings of life insurance, an analysis of the more popular kinds of policies, and a documented exposé of America's most respectable confidence game." What is more, they show just what the policy holder can do to get from under the heavy burdens of high-cost insurance. For this alone their volume deserves wide attention. They show how to retrieve the cash values in the insurance contract without reduction of the insurance estate; how to make the insurance company carry the entire load of protection for which it is being adequately compensated; how to cancel the policy loans with profit to the estate. In their advice they make out a strong case for switching to the so-called renewable term contract, which "at age thirty-five costs less than half as much as ordinary life, one-third as much as twenty-payment life, and one-fifth as much as twenty-year endowment." Now many policy holders, because of impaired health, cannot effect a switch or a "twist," to use the term employed by the companies for the practice that is usually good for the policy holder but not so happy for the company. This class of insured also may find sound counsel between the covers of the Gilbert manual.

For those who are not impaired the renewable term policy is an inexpensive way of providing protection. The Gilberts remind the insured that whether he pays $10 per thousand or $50, upon death the beneficiary receives only $1,000. What is worse, they show that in the latter case the beneficiary gets nothing from the cash accumulations within the policy, in spite of the many misleading claims of the companies that insurance is an investment or that insurance is "better than a government bond"—as was once extravagantly claimed by the venerable William Alexander, the present $40,000-a-year secretary of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. When they arraign insurance on charges of high net costs the Gilberts are on firm ground too, but experience seems to justify Mr. Epstein's cynicism when he says of the authors in his introduction to the Gilbert volume: "Their advice to policy holders to organize, it seems to me, will prove least fruitful of results."

Professor Berman's book makes out a strong case for savings-bank life insurance, which has been in successful operation in Massachusetts for a generation, thanks to the pioneering labors of the Honorable Louis D. Brandeis, associate justice of the Supreme Court, and the earlier foresight of Elizur Wright. This form of insurance operates under state supervision, but is privately run by the mutual savings banks of the state. The system is not, as is sometimes supposed, operated by the commonwealth with the taxpayers' money.

In examining the fifteen largest life companies, this volume shows how much cheaper savings-bank life-insurance rates are; how much more favorable is the expense ratio of the savings-bank system; how much better their investment experience than that of the insurance companies; how much better the lapse and surrender ratios of the system; in short, why all other states in the union should establish similar systems which do not employ agents or any of the other high-cost selling and administrative instrumentalities that are the insurance world of today. Professor Berman stands his ground best when he discusses our great national disgrace, which shackles the lives of some 40,000,000 individuals. "We believe," he says, "that the wage-earning class itself would be greatly benefited if no

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company were permitted to sell insurance policies of the kind sold to wage-earners today by the industrial-insurance companies operating in the United States." An unfortunate use of figures on page 151, however, makes Professor Berman's critical volume vulnerable at the hands of insurance companies, who are prone to seize every typographical error as evidence to prove the incompetency of criticism justly leveled.

It is to be regretted that both the Gilberts and Professor Berman failed to show how the federal government, with its new series of United States savings bonds, issued in small denominations, now makes it possible for the insured to save with virtual safety alongside his term-insurance policy. The individual policy holder will probably benefit more from reading the Gilbert treatise than from the Berman book, but both are worthy additions to the literature on that side of life insurance which demands a square deal for the policy holder.

L. SETH SCHNITMAN

Dissenting Opinion

THE BEAUTIES AND FURIES. By Christina Stead. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

MISS STEAD'S latest book has been widely praised. This in itself need not be a recommendation to an honest critic, but when a reviewer with the acumen and taste of Mr. Fadiman of the *New Yorker* writes that a book has "such streaming imagination, such tireless wit, such intellectual virtuosity" that its author is not only "the most extraordinary woman novelist produced by the English-speaking race since Virginia Woolf" but "a simon-pure genius," even the most cold-blooded reader must sit up and take notice. I started the book with eagerness, prejudiced in its favor in advance.

And having read it, I must sadly dissent. To me, Miss Stead is not a genius, nor is her book extraordinary or fine. It seems to be simply the story of a cold, leech-like, mindless middle-class wife, involved in an amour with a young student in Paris and returning at last to her incredibly long-forgiving husband, leaving the young man happily starting another affair. This little domestic triangle is adumbrated by literally hundreds of pages of gaseous conversation pretending to wit and erudition by the use of classical allusion and such words and phrases as "she calcined," "zentrum," "calentures," "infundibular prison," "quincunial gardens," "your heart . . . like a redolent ham in your breast."

If these are harsh words, here is a sample of Miss Stead's style:

> She was in love. Only by imagining hyperbolic and hyperborean scenes of license, folly, and luxury, throngs of splendid women, sybaritic men, courts, staircases, frescoes, tapestries, plate, porcelain, jewels, wild-hued cheeks, eyes flashing with zodiacal light, spilled wines, lips smeared with sherbets, serpented arms, agate-nailed hands, small snowy feet, like doves, Medusan locks, and angelican skies and the scattered roses of blood and the ascending spirals of mystic purple, and the wild, white-browed, dark-locked faunish youth, and old age paunched or shriveled with white body-hair, lazily leering with dead-fish eyes, like almonds slit through their green and pasty rinds, and purple mouths ending in folds and ranges of lofty noses, whiter and snottier than the jutting Tyrol, and love, bestial and divine, to excess—only by these dreams could she forget her love, fever, and the insufficiency of men.

The like of this passage could be duplicated on fifty pages of Miss Stead's book. I confess that to me it is merely dull—not even, as perhaps she intended it to be, salacious.

Her characters are, with the single exception of the long-

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The pleasure-motif in sex

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suffering husband mentioned above, without frankness, honor, loyalty, or passion. Her young lover is a chestnut-haired Don Juan with a "small, dark-red mouth"; her erring wife is slumbrous, dark-browed, but needs to "build up her bosom." Coromandel, daughter of an old antique dealer and a mad mother, "resembled closely a China pompadour bust, upon a small stele"—"no Dresden shepherdess ever bore a whiter, deeper, or more noble bosom, or a smaller head." But the *pièce de résistance* of the novel is the frustrated genius Marpurgo, who does most of the talking. Marpurgo is by birth an Italian, by law an Englishman, by temperament Parisian; he buys lace for a living, runs up extravagant expense accounts, interferes maliciously in the affairs of his neighbors, lies about everything, and talks. Curiously enough a sample of Marpurgo's conversation would sound a good deal like the passage about love quoted above. Miss Stead has diffuseness but no great variety.

Not her garrulous pretentiousness, not the lush commonplaceness of her images counts most heavily against Miss Stead. These merely make her tiresome. But her book has another more serious defect, which I believe definitely precludes its being considered a fine novel. It is without virtue, seriousness, morality, if you like. These talkers are lost souls, with no anchor, no port to put into, no course by which to steer. They pay allegiance to no idea, no person, no tradition. Nor is there, as in the case of Proust or Aldous Huxley, a seeming awareness of their futility in a world that is also lost. They are little over-dressed marionettes whirling around in a meaningless sea of words. As far as Miss Stead is concerned, Virginia Woolf is still without a peer.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Mr. Prall's Aesthetic

AESTHETIC ANALYSIS. By D. W. Prall. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Prall's new book does not seem to record radical shifts in theoretical position or to explore essentially new ground, its appearance is an event for students of aesthetics. For no other book of the importance of his earlier "Aesthetic Judgment" has been written in this country, with the exception of Mr. Dewey's, since the publication in 1896 of "The Sense of Beauty." The contribution which this book makes consists in its deeper analysis of some aspects of the earlier theory. Restricting the term "aesthetic," as he did before, to the surfaces of experience, Mr. Prall first seeks to define more exhaustively and precisely the elements which make up these surfaces and the orders of which they are intrinsically capable, and then to explain how, through these, the artist expresses the feelings of those sections of his experience which interest him.

Searching as Mr. Prall's analysis is, it is not altogether free of difficulties, and of these, two seem of fundamental importance. The first springs from Mr. Prall's shifting use of the pivotal words "emotion" and "feeling," and from his assertion, sanctioned partly by his terminology, that art expresses feelings or emotions. It is only fair to state that Mr. Prall's presentation of this thesis is one of the very few with which the reviewer is acquainted which makes a serious effort to show exactly how art expresses emotion. But the very thoroughness of the analysis reveals the weakness of the thesis, and makes it clear to the careful reader that what can be meant is that objects on which aesthetic attention is focused consist of determinate objective characters, which language sometimes denotes by words used to denote emotions.

No one of course wishes to deny that objects give rise to bodily processes, and that these processes, if we become aware of them, are the emotions, which are defined not only by the character of the processes but also by the objects which arouse them. Nor is it denied that they always help partly to determine the character of the objects on which we are attending. What is denied is that the aesthetic object expresses emotions. It arouses emotion, but in inverse proportion to the degree of rapt attention we pay it. And only loyalty to a terminology convenient perhaps for criticism but radically inadequate for precise analysis will insist that this is what is meant by the expression of emotion. Though seemingly verbal to the superficial glance, the point is of extreme importance, since the thesis that art expresses emotions fails to point out that the emotion an aesthetic object arouses is a variable over which the artist has little or no control, and that what he does control is the objective characters he is interested in expressing.

The second difficulty consists of Mr. Prall's account of "aesthetic" apprehension. For him it consists of the apprehension of "the surface" of our world, but it excludes the apprehension of conceptual schemes, and hence it is not an intellectual activity. It includes, however, the apprehension of meanings present on the aesthetic surface attended to, since he holds, and rightly, that the apprehension of mere surface is never possible. This seems to involve a contradiction. And the manner in which Mr. Prall gradually and insensibly passes from his restricted use of the term aesthetic in the first and second chapters to the common, more extended use in the fifth confirms the reader's suspicion. And it suggests that what marks aesthetic quality is not that, being mere surface, it is immediately present to attention, but that it is capable of holding attention exclusively and centripetally, thus constituting a self-sufficient and autonomous universe, and the only one that exists during the aesthetic experience.

These observations are not at all meant to disparage the signal achievement of Mr. Prall's work. The high esteem in which he is held by all serious students of aesthetics is fully merited. For, however the aesthetic response may be defined and whatever the content of the aesthetic object may be considered to be, the task of isolating the elements of aesthetic surfaces and of defining the orders of which they are intrinsically capable is of primary importance, not only for theory, but for a sound criticism and an adequate enjoyment.

ELISEO VIVAS

RADIO

I LIKED Dr. John Erskine on the Kraft cheese hour, particularly when he played. Bing Crosby was a little less happy on the same program, or perhaps it would be more precise to say that he was too happy. Mr. Crosby was interviewing Dr. Erskine on the classics, and the dialogue seemed to be built upon the notion that here was a meeting of a crooner and a pedant, and that the guest star must be supported by Crosby's quips. Now as a matter of fact Dr. Erskine is an old hand at radio and possesses a dry and ready wit. He really stands in no need of such interruptions as "Now you're in my kitchen."

It is difficult for anybody to talk when he has to wait for the other fellow's laughs, and this is a common fault in radio. Too often the interviewer is strutting his own stuff and using the subject of the questions merely as a foil. Values have a curious

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way of becoming mixed upon the air. John Erskine should not be used as a stooge for Bing Crosby.

In somewhat similar vein it seems to me that the Major Bowes hour would be far more interesting if it were not for Major Bowes. Of course I give the Major every credit as a sagacious entrepreneur. I just don't think he's much of an entertainer. As an organizer he ranks with the real industrial geniuses of America. Whether or not the amateur idea originated with him, it is still true that he grasped its manifold financial possibilities more completely than any rival. The set-up, in so far as it concerns Major Bowes, is one which would have aroused the envy of the elder Rockefeller. Never before has amateurism been made to yield such dividends.

To be sure, the word "amateur" is construed loosely, in the manner of our more successful college football teams, but these singers, dancers, and accordion players are recruited from the limbo of small time or the unknown. Few are very good, but none are terrible. Still, it is a surprisingly interesting program in spite of the over-lengthy introductions of the Major. In the beginning he proceeded on two sound psychological assumptions. The program was based upon the theory that the great American public is cruel and that it is sentimental. Apparently the Major, an extremely intuitive fellow, has decided that we are more sentimental than directly cruel. The gong which was a ration for our sadism has disappeared. The hour is now based on the familar success story, "Local boy makes good."

"The wheel goes round and round," the Major exclaims every once and too often. He is correct in assuming that his entertainment caters to the gambling instinct in us all. The last soprano was not so very good, but the baritone who is about to sing—his name is Joe Doaks and he drove a taxi in Akron—may prove to be one of the sensational singers of all time. It doesn't happen but there is always that chance, and so we wait and listen to the bootblack from Lynn. Of the making of Miltons there is no end, and a benevolent gentleman who undertakes to bring out the mute and inglorious finds to his great surprise that he himself is the one to reach the rainbow and win the pot of gold.

HEYWOOD BROUN

FILMS

Further Documents

IN an unquiet corner of the Grand Central Palace last week could be seen and heard twice daily a documentary film produced by the Resettlement Administration. The occasion was the fourteenth annual Women's Exposition of Arts and Industries—an indoor fair which all but smothered this little work of art with vast, irrelevant waves of light and sound. In spite of everything, however, it was a work of art. Written and directed by Pare Lorentz, accompanied by music from the hand of Virgil Thomson, and declaring its practical purpose at every moment of its flight across the screen, "The Plow That Broke the Plains" was in some very pure fashion effective.

Its intention was to make as clear as possible the disaster which has overtaken the Great Plains from Dakota to Texas; what the government has been saying about dust storms in the newspapers was said here in thirty minutes of unforgettable pictures—first of the plains when grass grew on them and cowboys followed their herds beneath the sun, then of the first

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plows that turned the grass roots under, then of the great machines that came in 1917 to win the war with wheat, then of the drought years when the soil began to blow, then of the years when it piled up in the manner of Sahara, and at last of the resettlement projects which may or may not succeed in undoing the human damage done. The natural damage to at least forty million acres can never be undone; the film shows that, whatever else it shows, and thus succeeds within its limits at the effect of tragedy which must have been the original aim. Those limits, as I tried to say two weeks ago, are inexorable, history being different from poetry, fact from fable. Yet "The Plow That Broke the Plains," even more simply than Mr. Ivens's "New Earth," proves what can be done with facts. Obviously the camera can give them all but perfect life. The degree to which it does this depends of course upon the initial curiosity which the spectator brings with him. If the spectator is not curious he will not be interested in the news with which he is presented, and he will prefer "The Plow" to "New Earth" only if he happens to care more about the new American desert than he does about the Zuyder Zee.

Another documentary film now showing in America may be assured of a wide and eager audience, since it offers for the first time in human history a glimpse into the lives of nuns, and it may be supposed that no one is indifferent to that. "Cloistered" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse) is a series of photographs taken by permission within the walls of the Convent of the Good Shepherd near Angers in France. It is entirely serious and terribly impressive. The inhabitants of the convent never look up as they go about their business of praying, walking in slow file, laboring with stone and leather, taking vows, and prostrating themselves sometimes with an absolute abandon before the image of their bridegroom. From the Mother Superior down to the newest novice, from the planters of trees and the breakers of coal down to those who sit in their robes at typewriters, they are oblivious to any conceivable intrusion, to any audience which may be staring at them as audiences stare in theaters. The effect is both stern and beautiful, and nowhere more so than in the numerous scenes which reveal lines or groups of sisters in their ghost-white hoods and robes. The attention of the audience is called on one occasion to the striking resemblance between five or six such figures and the stone effigies with which we are familiar on the friezes of cathedrals. The one picture faded into the other while an accompanying voice proclaimed the resemblance. Perhaps the voice was not necessary, and in a work of fiction it would of course be shocking. But this is merely another reminder that "Cloistered" is not fiction. It is fact, a stranger thing; though not a truer.

It is an absurd leap from here to "Show Boat" (Music Hall), but it is a merry one. Irene Dunne (to me, I must confess, quite irresistible), Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, and Helen Westley (to me, I fear, too much of a stereotype after all these years of her growling and grimacing in character parts) carry the classic off with proper style; and Paul Robeson sings "Old Man River" even a little better than he ever sang it before. The setting is frankly artificial, and I am not sure that this is right. But neither am I sure that a genuine Mississippi River would have consorted with what we have to look at and listen to. The document might very well have dampened what otherwise remains after several years as crisp and bright as ever. Of "One Rainy Afternoon" (Rivoli) less can be expected, since it certainly is not a classic. But Hugh Herbert and Roland Young furnish enough first-rate comedy to make up for a great deal of pretty silliness by Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino.

MARK VAN DOREN

Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. Morosco Theater. Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT. Shubert Theater. Robert Sherwood manages somehow to make a smashing theatrical success out of an anti-war play. With the Lunts and many other entertaining trimmings.

DEAD END. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

END OF SUMMER. Guild Theater. The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

WINTERSET. Martin Beck Theater. Two weeks' summer run of Maxwell Anderson's critics' prize-winner. Bold, original, and engrossing.

VICTORIA REGINA. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

BURY THE DEAD. Ethel Barrymore Theater. A play against war based on a conceit of originality and power. While uneven, it is incomparably the best of the left-wing dramas seen this year.

BOY MEETS GIRL. Cort Theater. Rough-and-ready satire on Hollywood, but probably the funniest thing of its kind since "Once in a Lifetime."

Mark Van Doren says:

WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT. Amkino. A film of the Potemkin school, dealing with the red marines of 1919. Intermittently very interesting.

IT'S LOVE AGAIN. Gaumont British. An English song-and-dance picture, remarkable for the silliness of its plot and the childish charm of its heroine, Jessie Matthews.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN. Columbia. Directed by Frank Capra, and even better than "It Happened One Night." Gary Cooper as the rustic and quixotic Mr. Deeds is not only charming but meaningful, and the whole film has human importance.

PEG OF OLD DRURY. British and Dominion (Paramount). An eighteenth-century costume piece with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as David Garrick and Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington. Delightfully unhistorical.

MODERN TIMES. Charles Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. Gaumont British. René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

DUBROVSKY. Amkino. As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

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Letters to the Editors

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AND THE CLOSED SHOP

[*When* The Nation *asked Roy W. Howard to verify the authenticity of his telegrams to Rupert Hughes which were printed in our issue of May 27, Mr. Howard forwarded copies of a further exchange of telegrams between himself and Dudley Nichols. They appear below.*]

Roy W. Howard
World-Telegram
New York, N. Y.

Note correspondence with Rupert Hughes today's *Variety* regarding amalgamation Screen Writers' Guild with Authors' League. If your principle of avowed fairness means anything believe you should invite comment on other side from Marc Connelly or Ernest Pascal. Your attitude against Newspaper Guild duplicates attitude here of producers' association against Screen Guild. Statements that employee organization would stifle free expression are as preposterous as statement that present employer organization encourages free expression among writers. Since when have Hollywood pictures as dominated utterly by employers made any free or bold or honest artistic comment on American life, which is their foremost duty? Since when have Hollywood producers made any vigorous fight against throttling censorship, which is the first enemy of free expression by writers? The Screen Writers' Guild stands for the fundamental principle of freer expression and better motion pictures, and the fact that it has been betrayed by a minority group, some of them honestly misguided and some treacherously inclined for their own advantage, should not prevent the Scripps-Howard papers from publicizing both sides of this controversy. I know you want to be fair.

DUDLEY NICHOLS

Los Angeles, Cal., May 12

Dudley Nichols
Los Angeles, Cal.

Thanks for your wire. *World-Telegram* today using story from *Variety* quoting Pascal that guild not seeking closed shop, etc. Have requested both Associated and United Press cover both sides controversy adequately, also glad have Connelly wire five hundred words collect presenting anything vital uncovered by *Variety*. Meantime for your private information you in error regarding Scripps-Howard attitude toward Newspaper Guild. We completely sympathetic to principle of collective bargaining but oppose as unfair to public, writers, and publishers application of closed-shop trade-union tactics to journalism where no yardstick of competence exists as in mechanical departments and also because idea is incompatible with real freedom of editorial expression and reportorial objectivity. We are equally opposed to closed shop of owners or publishers.

ROY W. HOWARD

New York, May 13

AND FREEDOM FOR WRITERS, TOO

Dear Sirs: In all the years I've been reading *The Nation,* this is the first time it ever blew right up in my face—and just as I got to town.

In all the years I've been reading Heywood Broun, this is the first time he ever held me up to scorn and ridicule. And for a whole page in *The Nation!*

It was nice of him to get it all so wrong. His ignorance of the civil war among screen writers is apparently complete. This releases his humor from any shackles of fact. Rarely has the great liberal been so liberal with misstatements. He is probably only being whimsical when he says that I have set myself "to save the downtrodden film magnates of Hollywood," and "single-handed save Warner Brothers." But he appears to be serious when he calls me "the leader of the white-mouse faction," speaking from my "cubicle on the lot," and describes me as trying to curry favor with the picture producers—a "man running for his life."

But I was not running for my life or even my livelihood. Producers have never controlled my life or livelihood, and have never even tried to. I have never occupied a "cubicle on the lot." In all my life I have worked for the studios on a salary for only one period of four weeks two years ago, and another of six this year. In both cases I did all my work at home on my own hours. I have not worked at all on a lot for over ten years, and then only as a director of my own stories on a profit-sharing basis.

I am not technically a screen writer at all, though I have sold to the studios outright many published novels and short stories, and produced plays, also a few plots in "treatment" form. These have been handled by their own large staffs of screen writers on salary.

I was in no sense a "leader" of the recent revolt of certain screen writers against certain other screen writers. It was as a member of the council of the Authors' League, of which I am one of the six honorary vice-presidents, that I made my first personal revolt as soon as I understood what was contemplated in the amalgamation of all the guilds under a gigantic plan to organize and combine all writers in every field into one vast closed shop. I raised a small personal riot at a meeting of the League Council and said that I was horrified by the prospect of a life controlled by a soviet of writers controlled by a few Stalins. Also I predicted a civil war among writers. Quite independently in the Screen Writers' Guild a number of the leading screen writers had been opposing the amalgamation because it gave the Hollywood writers no autonomy and no control over their special local and technical conditions. The officers of the Screen Writers' Guild made concessions to these complaints, but these were not and have not been authorized by the other guilds, and so no bad faith can be charged against the screen writers who walked out in self-defense.

In fact, it was suddenly and astoundingly discovered that the Screen Writers' Guild had been all the while only a California corporation sailing under false colors. The officers themselves have decided since the secession to let that guild die, and they have urged the deluded members to join a new organization called the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League—the very name the old guild wore and the very thing it had been supposed to be. It is all very complicated, and Mr. Broun hasn't an inkling of it for all his ink-slinging at it.

Thoroughly understanding the situation and thoroughly distrusting a certain dominating and domineering element in the Screen Writers' Guild, sixty or more of the most successful and independent screen writers had decided to pull out. The claim that they were intimidated or coerced by the producers could only be

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made by one who knows neither these writers nor the other facts.

To call such independent men and women by Mr. Broun's term, "white mice," is sillier than it is vicious. To say that I "led" them completes the burlesque or Brounesque. I did join the group, but only after it was recruited and preliminarily organized. Were it not for the scenarios I wrote a dozen years ago for my own stories, I could not even qualify for admission. I honestly believe that what these people are doing is for the best interests of both the writers and the moving-picture industry.

I might mention that while I cannot compete with Mr. Broun in picketing or jail service, I have spent far more hours of hard toil for the organization and independence of writers than he ever has —not counting of course the time he has spent in writing and strutting his stuff in columns and pages at high prices. He does not mention the many years I spent in hard work as a founder of the Authors' League and the Dramatists' Guild and the Screen Writers' Guild, old and new. I spent many a long night as a member of the five-and-five committee of the NRA in open war with the producers. Incidentally, I was one of the committee of five dramatists which brought about the end of the Actors' Equity strike, in hot opposition to the managers.

I have never been afraid of managers, or producers, or publishers. I am not really frightened—much—when Mr. Broun goes Boo! and Grrrr! He does it so often—so always—and so well! I was not running for my life but for my freedom when I opposed the amalgamation of all authors. But I was completely terrified by the prospect of having my life run by other writers.

If the moving-picture producers—who are as jealous of one another as writers are—should have joined together against me and barred me from every studio, it would have made little difference in my income or activity. I should still have had the rest of the world of authorship open. But if that amalgamation had succeeded and I had offended the ruling writers, I could have been debarred from shooting off steam not only in the movies, but in magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, books, plays, the radio, television, everywhere. That was the grand plan. I could have been forced to earn my living by digging ditches or something. This might have been all for the good of literature and art; but oh, the difference to me!

And Mr. Broun ought not to bewail the collapse of the amalgamation, either. He too has a way of getting in wrong with other writers. They do not all adore and follow him—if any do. They might have ganged up on him and forced him into—painting landscapes, for instance. That would have been all for the good of art; but oh, the difference to him!

He apparently believes what he seems to preach: that all employers are illiterate brutes and all employees chained philosophers and angels. He loves to ridicule and abuse his employers in the texts they pay him to write. It is a very picturesque trait of his that has always seemed to indicate more liberality in his employers than in the great liberal. I am not of his mind, and I would rather be ruled by any employer I've ever worked for than by any committee of writers I've ever heard of—even though they were all as great and good and generous, scrupulously just and accurate, and as sparing of unkind words as Heywood Broun. Imagine being managed by a committee composed exclusively of Heywood Brouns!

Yet, since he had to devote a page to me, I thank him for pirouetting on a prostrate form that is not mine, even though he gives it my name. You can't expect a dancing hippopotamus to watch his big feet. He can't even see them. And what does he care where they land? He has no reputation for accuracy to lose.

RUPERT HUGHES

New York, May 22

MR. HARRIS ON THE WEBBS

Dear Sir: On my return to Moscow I find a copy of *The Nation* with Abram Harris's most inadequate review of the Webbs' great book on Russia. He uses the review to air his own threadbare, shopworn, and uninteresting prejudices against the Soviet Union, which, I think, he has never seen. But many reviewers do similar things. What I miss is an evaluation of the service which the Webbs have performed in giving us a rich, comprehensive account of the workings of the Soviet system. No mention is even made of the very significant fact that here we see the Webbs, the parents of Fabianism, the originators of the theory of the "inevitability of gradualness," converted to revolution and accepting the doctrine of the end justifying the means. Where the Webbs fall down miserably—in their criticism of the Third International—Harris finds them "more realistic." The Webbs failed to differentiate between the Comintern as an institution and a certain Comintern policy. That policy has now been scrapped, and Harris to the contrary notwithstanding, people in other countries are following the new Comintern line.

LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, May 20

CONTRIBUTORS

ROGER N. BALDWIN is director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

CORLISS LAMONT, son of Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, is chairman of the national executive committee of the Friends of the Soviet Union and author of "The Illusion of Immortality."

HAROLD E. FEY is executive secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

STUART CHASE has lately returned from the Tennessee Valley, where he obtained material for three articles for *The Nation,* of which this is the second. He is now at work on a book on natural resources in the United States.

PAUL HUTCHINSON was at one time a Methodist missionary in China. For many years he has been managing editor of the *Christian Century.*

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is widely known as poet and critic. She is at work on a study of modern American poetry, dealing primarily with the relation of poetry to social development.

L. SETH SCHNITMAN is chief statistician of the F. W. Dodge Corporation. He has made a particular study of life insurance.

HAROLD J. LASKI, *The Nation's* London correspondent, is professor of political science at the University of London and has long been active and influential in the councils of the British Labor Party.

ELISEO VIVAS is a young philosopher who has for several years been associated with the work of the Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin.

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